

ember 24, 1910

PRICE 25 CENTS

DECEMBER 1, 1910 VOL. LVI, NO. 1466
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THE ABSENT ONE





Oldsmobile
1911

LIMOUSINE

YOU demand the utmost in finish, upholstery and all the minor equipments of a closed car,—be as exacting in your mechanical requirements. The large wheels and easy-riding tires; the powerful, flexible, everlastingly-reliable motor—the whole chassis of the Oldsmobile Limousine contribute not only to your enjoyment but add long life to the car. . . . These are essential features that make the Oldsmobile as superior for city use as it is for cross-country touring. Three types of chassis; four and six-cylinder: the "Special," the "Autocrat" and the "Limited." Bodies of the most durable and artistic workmanship.

OLDS MOTOR WORKS

Licensed under Selden Patent

LANSING, MICH.

Williams' holiday packages



*Christmas Presents that will delight
everybody—everywhere*

Williams' Trios and Quartet are the names given to the very beautiful packages containing different assortments of Williams' famous Shaving Stick, Talc Powder and other toilet luxuries, especially designed for holiday gifts for both men and women.

Get these useful and artistic packages from your dealer. If he fails to supply you, write us immediately for full information and full-color illustrations.

Address The J. B. Williams Co., 75 Addison Street, Glastonbury, Conn.
Made by the makers of Williams' Shaving Stick and Talc Powder.

**Williams' Trio for The Man Who
Shaves Himself** contains:

One Williams' Shaving Stick
One can Violet Supreme Talcum Powder
One cake Jersey Cream Soap in silver-plated soap box

**Williams' Trio for My Lady's
Dressing Table** contains:

One can Violet Supreme Talcum Powder
One can Dentalactic Tooth Powder
One cake Jersey Cream Soap in silver-plated soap box

**Williams' Quartet—for anybody,
anywhere—contains:**

One 6-oz. bottle Toilet Water—Rose, Violet or Lilac
One can Dentalactic Tooth Powder
One can Violet Supreme Talcum Powder
One cake Jersey Cream Soap in silver-plated soap box

RUBBERSET construction defies destruction. Study the inside facts as indicated by cross section in the picture. All the bristles are deeply imbedded in hard vulcanized rubber. In the process, the soft rubber works itself around each bristle and is then turned to flint hardness by our vulcanizing process.

No bristles can possibly work loose—they're there till Doomsday, because the base that holds them is impervious to all chemical action—hard wear or abuse.



The CONSTRUCTION that defies DESTRUCTION

RUBBERSET TRADE MARK

The name RUBBERSET is stamped upon each genuine brush

HARD RUBBER BASE

Each bristle gripped in hard, vulcanized rubber

RUBBERSET

TRADE MARK

A RUBBERSET Shaving Brush likes hot water—is fond of hard rubbing—doesn't mind old age because in ten years from now it'll be as good as the day you buy it.

Ordinary shaving brushes depend on the glue pot, binding, sewing or cementing to hold the bristles. Hot water melts glue—wires rot—threads break—cement crumbles and the brush smears your face, fills the lather, and impairs your razor with loose bristles. A RUBBERSET is worth its price, because it can never lose its bristles and besides, look at the economy!

The cheapest RUBBERSET Brush is sure to have longer life than costly other kinds. The grades range in price from 25c. to \$6.00. The \$1.00 quality and better are made with badger hair and Albright Ivory handle. A handle that can't crack, turn color or weaken. The range of styles is big—there's every shape and size and sort of Ruberset Brushes to satisfy every fancy and every need.

Most every Druggist, Hardware Dealer, Department Store sells RUBBERSET brushes. If yours does not sell them, send for our catalog, mentioning dealer's name.

You'll want Berset Shaving Cream Soap—the healing lather—25c. a tube—everywhere.

Ruberset Company

Factories and Laboratories - - - NEWARK, N. J.

Published every
Five Dollars
Copyright in E



FOR CHRISTMAS

The unusual gift is the difficult gift to select. To have it also appropriate often costs more than one cares to pay.

McCallum Silk Stockings are unusual because of their high quality and great variety of styles—all of which sell at *moderate* prices. They make a gift of unquestionable appropriateness.

McCallum Silk Hosiery was the first to be manufactured in the United States. It not only surpasses all other domestic hose, but also imported silk hose. We sell over a million pairs a year—more than any other manufacturer.

Accompanying each pair is our
Guarantee Envelope

insuring you against any defect in material or manufacture.
Our hosiery is never sold without this guarantee envelope.



McCallum Silk Hosiery

As Particularly Appropriate for Christmas Gifts to
Women We Recommend the Following Numbers. Your
Dealer Will Show Them to You:

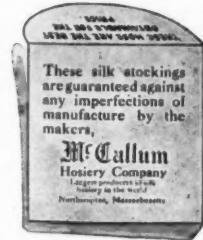
No. 201—a very thin, fine, brilliant silk stocking, especially suited for evening wear. In black only with *black self-clock*. No. 113 and No. 122 are both fine gauze, medium weight, of unusually good wearing qualities. In black only. No. 153 is their companion in white and all colors. No. 401 is an extra heavy weight with double heel, sole and toe. All silk opera length. Especially suitable for winter wear. In black and all colors.

McCallum Silk Hosiery for Men

No. 308 in black, and No. 327, its companion, in all colors. These are fine pure silk half hose, suitable for daily wear. No. 329, a ribbed two-tone in staple combinations of color. Your dealer will show them to you. If he hasn't them write us direct and we'll see that you're supplied.

Send for our free booklet, "Through My Lady's Ring"—containing description of all McCallum styles. Whenever you buy silk hosiery, ask for McCallum's.

McCallum Hosiery Company, Northampton, Mass.
Largest Producers of Silk Hosiery in the World



This Guarantee Envelope
contains matched silk
for mending.

Sheer as
the Spider's
Weave

Noted
for Their
Wear





Beauty and Economy

walk hand in hand with that one soap—Pears'—which has continued its successful course in the service of beauty for over one hundred and twenty years. The special properties which soften and beautify the skin

You'll Find Always in

the famous Pears' Soap—and only in Pears'. It enables women to have lovely complexions and keep the skin in a constant condition of perfect health. Its cost is low enough for anybody. So, while beauty is increased and complexions helped, it is best for beauty and economy to use

Pears'
SOAP

15c. a Cake for the Unscented



Do Your Christmas Shopping Early

YOU did it last year earlier than before. Do it early again. It is better for you. You will be less crowded in the doing of it. You will have a better choice of the commodities that are offered, and more time to make your choices.

It is a great deal better for the forces in the shops; the girls and men who wait on you, and deliver your purchases. The strain of the Christmas shopping on the shopgirls, in particular, is still very severe. Mitigate it, you who can, by every means in your power. Get your matters out of the way early. There will be many who won't, and a good many who can't, and the rush will be hard enough in any case.

Do your Christmas shopping early! It is wise; it is thrifty, and it is kind.

Meditations and Reflections

Intuition without experience in worldly affairs is a trap which sentiment sets for the inexperienced.

Ignorance and indifference are twins nourished by optimistic parents.

Eccentricity and affectation are twins who think alike, but act differently.

In youth we are hemmed in on one side by superstition, on the other by prejudice. The rest of one's life is passed in combating the first, and recovering from the effects of the second.

The youth of a man of genius is commonly marred by incongruous or adverse conditions—too much luxury with Tolstoy, too much agitation with Hugo, too much ease with Goethe, too much misery with Wagner, too much adulation with Byron.

The nations possessing too much morality undergo a reaction precisely like those that have too much vice. Nature refuses to supply more virtue in one country than in another.

COMFY Footwear

For
Xmas
Gifts



The Romeo

The acme of comfort, elegance and ease. Made of fine Comfy Felt, richly fur bound. Soles of noiseless belting leather and low heels.

	Price
Women's, Black, Red, Brown, Green, Gray, Wine, Navy Blue and Purple	\$1.50
Men's, Black, Oxford Gray (no sur)	2.00
Misses', Red, Gray (Spring Heels)	1.25
Child's, Red, Gray (Spring Heels)	1.10
	Delivered



The Tailor-Made

An exceedingly handsome felt slipper, trim and neat as its name implies and very dressy. Regular 'Comfy' construction as above.

	Price
Women's, Red, Wine, Brown, Black	\$1.25
Men's, Black, Brown, Red, Wine	1.50
Misses', Red, Light Blue, Pink	1.10
Child's, Red, Light Blue, Pink	1.00
	Delivered

Send for our handsome Illustrated Catalogue No. 32, showing many new styles for Christmas.

Danl. Green Felt Shoe Co.
110-112 East 13th St. New York.

Love, vanity, mystery: three tyrants which in every age change their dress, but never their character.

(Concluded on page 944)

ABBOTT'S BITTERS

Makes the best cocktail. A pleasing aromatic with all Wine, spirit and soda beverages. Appetising, healthful, to use with Grape Fruit, Oranges, Wine Jelly. At Wine Merchants or Druggists. Sample by mail, 25c in stamps. C. W. ABBOTT & CO., Baltimore, Md.



"Your Peter's Chocolate is the best candy
for Christmas."

CHRISTMAS SUGGESTIONS

GUS BALZER designs necessities and luxuries for Motorists that you can't obtain from anybody else. His idea is not to see how CHEAP a thing can be made, but how GOOD, which is to say that he caters only to people who appreciate artistic merit, solid worth and honest workmanship throughout. Now, here are some things that Gus Balzer knows you will like.

MONOGRAMS



Make unexcelled Christmas Presents, particularly if designed by Gus Balzer, for they are readable as well as graceful. He uses more art than metal. Get special Monogram Catalogue.

PRICES

For Traveling and Hand Bag	1 1/2 in. 2 in.
Sterling Silver	-\$3.50 \$4.50
Gold Plated	-\$3.50 4.00
14-k. Solid Gold	-\$8.50 19.00
Briarwood Pipe with 2-letter monogram, Silver or Gold Plated, 5/8 in. high	\$1.00
Sterling Silver	-\$1.25
14-k. Solid Gold	-\$3.50

Send pipe (briarwood only) and have a Monogram attached.

Automobile Monogram, 8 in. "Auto. Monogram," -\$19.00



LIMOUSINE BOUQUET HOLDERS

In fine Domestic and Imported Glass, in Etched, Engraved, Inlaid Gold and Silver and Cut Designs, which are elegant, in either plain or ornamental designs. They give a final touch of elegance to "well!" Motor Cars and delight the hearts of the occupants.

THE "STEVENS" IGNITER

Better than a Magneto, Price only - \$20.00 "Nuff Sed."



TIRE AIR TANK "AIR-ON-TAP"

BEST BY TEST. See this Double Valve? It Positively Prevents Leakage. Exchangeable Anywhere.



You must send for the Catalogue that pictures and describes all the positively necessary as well as luxurious things that Gus Balzer makes for the motorist's delight. The Catalogue is itself a work of art, and it's free only to you.

NOTE: Along with the Catalogue we will send the name and address of the dealer nearest you, who will let you feast your eyes on the Gus Balzer offerings, as well as lay out a little money when the spirit moves you.

We don't want to hear from you to-morrow, for to-morrow never comes. Think of it seriously, for it's no light matter—you must write us to-day or never!

THE GUS BALZER CO.

1777-79 BROADWAY—Department A

In the City of New York
Phone 6729 Columbus

Price, \$12.00



Meditations and Reflections

(Concluded from page 942)

To each intellect belongs a special power. We belong to ourselves, and we lose control of our own when we try to be some one else. The original mind is a magnetic center for the attraction of other minds. But the lodestone loses nothing by attraction; it remains the same.

The thing we call Progress has its rhythmic movements like music. A frivolous age corresponds to the tempo of the dance, a sentimental age to that of the adagio appassionato, a heroic age to the tempo of the march.

Bad books are talked about when they are sensational, good books when original.

In Nature the influence of mystery is manifest in its eternal suggestions of the possible and the probable.

Wise men change their opinions by a process of mental evolution; fools and fanatics change theirs by fits and starts, to suit the caprices of fashion and the follies of the epoch.

There is a certain narrowness of mind which is commonly allied to sentimentalism. This is why devotees are so often malicious.

Francis Grierson in *London New Age*.



Any man, every man, all men would appreciate the

Krementz Gift Box

A set of four of the famous 14-k. Rolled Plate Kremenzt Collar Buttons (that will last for years without losing lustre). A new one free for every one broken or damaged from any cause. Packed in an attractive ribbon-tied box.

One Dollar the set of four. If not found at your haberdasher's or jeweler's a set will be sent postpaid on receipt of price.

KREMENTZ & CO., 60 Chestnut St., Newark, N. J.

Most Fitting Finale to the Festive Feast



LIQUEUR

Pères Chartreux

—GREEN AND YELLOW—

Serve the Daintiest Last

At first-class Wine Merchants, Grocers, Hotels, Cafés, Bätjer & Co., 45 Broadway, New York, N. Y., Sole Agents for United States.

Well Paid

A lively-looking porter stood on the rear platform of a sleeping-car in the Grand Central Station, when a fussy and choleric old man clambered up the steps. He stopped at the door, puffed for a moment, and then turned to the man in uniform.

"Porter," he said, "I'm going to Chicago. I want to be well taken care of. I pay for it. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir; but—"

"Never mind any 'buts.' You listen to what I say. Keep the train-boys away from me. Dust me off whenever I want you to. Give me an extra blanket, and if there is any one in the berth over me, slide him into another. I want you to—"

"But, say, boss, I—"

"Young man, when I'm giving instructions I prefer to do the talking myself. You do as I say. Here is a two-dollar bill. I want to get the good of it. Not a word, sir."

The train was starting. The porter pocketed the bill with a grin, and swung himself to the ground.

"All right, boss!" he shouted. "You can do th' talkin' if you want to. I'm powerful sorry you wouldn't let me tell you—but I ain't goin' out on that train."

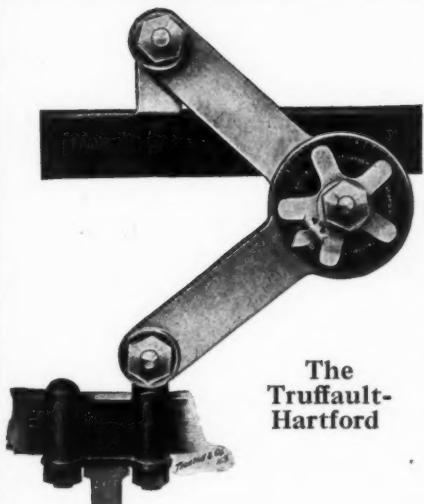
—Lippincott's.

IS YOUR CAR HERE?

ROLL OF HONOR

PAGKARD
THOMAS
STUDEBAKER-GARFORD
CHADWICK
STEVENS-DURYEA
APPERSON **ETG. ETG. ETG.** **HALLADAY**
PIERGE-ARROW
OLDSMOBILE
COLUMBIA
RAMBLER
AMERIGAN

N.B. ALL HAVE TRUFFAULT-HARTFORD SHOCK ABSORBERS AS REGULAR EQUIPMENT.



THE CARS OF COMFORT—

There are thousands and thousands of them and they all wear

The *Truffault-Hartford* SHOCK ABSORBER

The greatest commendation that can be given any car is that "it rides easy," for with this feature assured, **comfort** is realized and **economy** as well.

All Truffault-Hartford-equipped cars ride easy. All are comfortable, all economical. The demonstration of this is within your reach without risk. You can try the Truffault-Hartford on **your** car for thirty days. If it does not make good, we will.

There's a way to secure good roads independently of federal, state or municipal authorities, and it's the **Truffault-Hartford** way.

With your order, mention make, year and model of car. We will send a set and with it a blue print showing how to make easy, quick attachment to **your** car. After thirty days you say whether your money comes back. We can fit any car and make any car fit for any road.

HARTFORD SUSPENSION COMPANY

EDW. V. HARTFORD, Pres.

165 Bay Street, Jersey City, N. J.

Branches: New York, 212-214 W. 88th St. Philadelphia, 250 N. Broad St. Boston, 319 Columbus Ave.
Chicago, 1458 Michigan Ave. Newark, N. J., 289 Halsey Street.



The Sign
of the Truffault-
Hartford Agency

John Holland
SAFETY
SELF INKING FOUNTAIN PENS
 MAY BE CARRIED IN ANY POSITION

AN especially pleasing Christmas remembrance, a John Holland Safety Self-Inking Fountain Pen, is really an acceptable *any-time* gift, because of its *every-day* usefulness. Equipped with the exclusive new Holland feature—the **Safety Cap**—this latest and best Fountain Pen can be carried in any position and *ink-leakage is impossible*. Made in two styles—one fills itself by moving sleeve and compressing bar; the other by lifting button. Each style equipped with Safety Cap, which prevents ink evaporation, an advantage to travelers because the pen is *always* ready to write. May be safely carried by ladies in their hand-bags or laid in their writing cabinets.

Fitted with the JOHN HOLLAND GOLD PEN—the *leader* since 1841—and Patent Elastic Fissured Feed, which insures *even* ink flow.

Ask your nearest dealer or we will send direct to you. Illustrated Catalog C-over 100 styles—FREE.

THE JOHN HOLLAND GOLD PEN CO.
 Established 1841. Cincinnati

THEY FILL THEMSELVES THEY CANNOT LEAK
 BISECTED VIEW SHOWING PEN IN AIR-TIGHT SAFETY CAP.

The
Literary
Zoo.

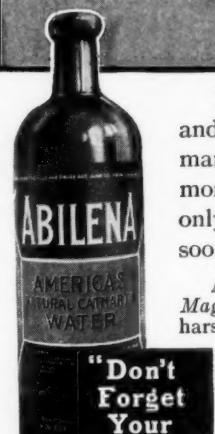
How Sanity Handicaps a Fellow

It seems that I am sane, after all. I base the suspicion upon recent very attentive perusal of Professor Hugo Münsterberg's "Psychotherapy" and volumes of kindred tenor which Moffat, Yard & Co. must find popular or they would be less persistent in their publication. All are books which destroy my peace of mind, bringing me, as they do, an uneasy feeling that I am not a lunatic at all. The notion that I am sane begins to obsess me, in fact; inspiring an uneasy dread that I have nothing in common with Dean Swift or with Verlaine.

Let me set down the facts after the fashion of those patients of Professor Münsterberg's whose cases he states with such a wealth of detail in his entrancing work. I am the middle-aged father of two noisy boys in Hackensack, New Jersey. From my earliest youth it has delighted me to dream of

the imperishable renown certain to be mine owing to numerous contributions

**Nature, Not Man, Makes
 This Perfect Laxative**



TO DRUGGISTS:
 This advertising is influencing 20,000,000 people. Keep your stock up. Order through jobber.

It is surprisingly gentle in its action, yet it flushes and cleanses the system thoroughly, removes waste secretions and helps to restore the digestion and excretory organs to their natural, healthful condition. ABILENA is not disagreeable to the taste. A small amount suffices. It is inexpensive and easy

Try ABILENA Water to-night, instead of harsh medicines, or artificial waters, or other drugs. SPECIAL NOTE.—ABILENA is the only advertised NATURAL laxative water produced in America. Others are artificial and dare not use the word "NATURAL." ABILENA is bottled and sealed at the ABILENA Springs under the most sanitary methods.

Drink Tonight, America's Natural Laxative

ABILENA

to get. Nearly every druggist sells it. Large or small bottles. Get a bottle of ABILENA to-day at your druggist's and learn, as thousands of others have, that the *perfect* laxative is neither pills, tablets, nor artificial waters, but a product of Nature's laboratories. Try *first*, a small two-dose bottle, then you will want it in larger bottles to have in your home at all times. Your money back if not more than satisfied.

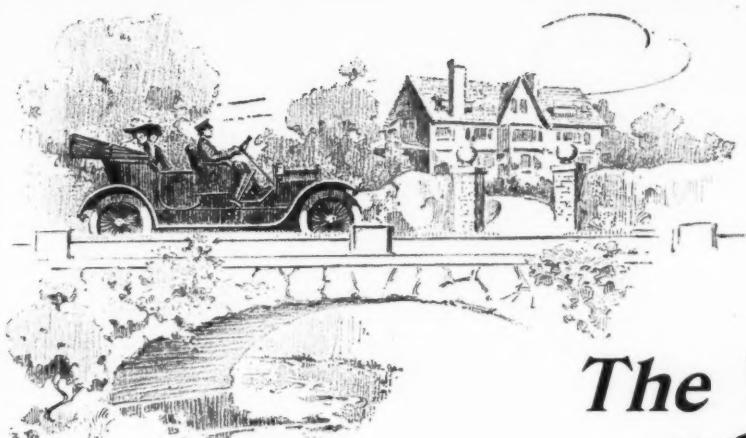
The ABILENA Company, Abilene, Kansas

"The Natural Method," interesting booklet on Perfect Elimination, mailed free on request to Frank M. Gier, M.D., President.

CLARK'S "ARABIC" ORIENT CRUISE
 Feb. 4, \$400 up for 71 days. Shore trips ALL INCLUDED. Round World, Trans-Siberian and Riviera-Italy. 30 Tours to Europe. Specify program desired.
FRANK C. CLARK, - Times Bldg., New York

I purpose making to the literature of the land. I have felt rather than perceived that the great American novel, of which so much is predicted, will be written by myself. This idea was strong when I was younger. It tends now to yield to a dread, as I have stated, that I am really sane. Were I mad I could, as I know, feel in the same class—I wish I could state this more scientifically, but Münsterberg will understand—with Shelley. There seemed something in my mental state that indicated the qualities of Flaubert. I shook with his neuroses. I spent hours in wandering aimlessly about like Berlioz. It was inexpressibly comforting to me to be made aware that Schopenhauer and Wagner and Nietzsche had some of my eccentricities. I felt all the reverence of the ancient Romans for the mad because I was that. The feeling of self-confidence resulting from this state of intellectual ecstasy enabled me to fill reams of paper with my ideas. They were all as crazy as Ibsen's, or, to be perfectly accurate, I thought they were.

(Continued on page 948)



The White Idea is "One Quality"

THE difference in price between the several White models is due solely to the size of the cars, not to material or workmanship. We shall build every car regardless of cost, to meet our idea of perfection. White Cars are not built in a hurry.

We never pay men by the piece.

We do not desire, so we do not induce, speed in the making of any part.

We have no stated daily output.

We make both steam and gasoline cars and we make them the very best we know how.

White prices are low because of our experience, large output and purchasing power.

Here Are a Few Features of the Gasoline Car

The four cylinders, cast en bloc, are imported from France. The motor has a 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ -in. bore, with 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ -in. stroke. 20-30 horse power. The crank shaft is ball bearing.

Ignition is by Bosch magneto.

The two models are identical except in wheel base and size of body.

The wheel base of model "G-A" is 110 inches. That of model "G-B" is 120 inches.

Selective transmission—four speeds and reverse

with direct drive on third. Four speeds mean 25% greater motor efficiency.

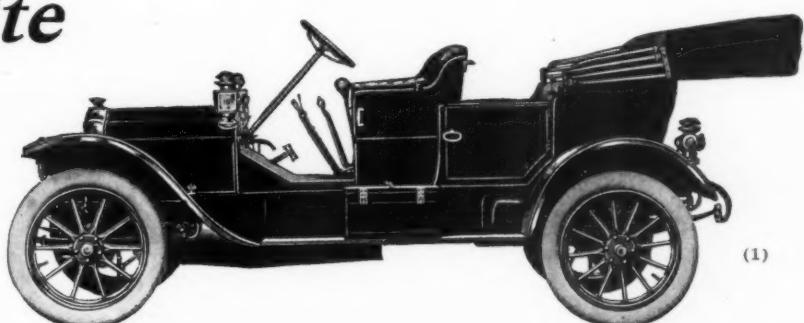
The price of model "G-A" is \$2,000 with full touring equipment except top. Torpedo body \$250 extra.

Model "G-B" sells for \$2,500, with same equipment as model "G-A" plus foot rail and tire holders. Limousine \$3,600. Landauette, \$3,800.

The catalog, mailed gladly on request, describes both these cars in detail.

The White Company; 852 East 79th St., Cleveland, Ohio

The White Gasoline Car 1911



(1)

Diamond Tires



Not "TIRES" Merely, but "TIRE MILEAGE"

¶ 12th Year of manufacturing to this standard.
¶ 12th Year of progress in tire and mileage development.
¶ 12th Year of the acknowledged leadership of Diamond tires, the

**MOST SCIENTIFICALLY
MANUFACTURED TIRES IN THE WORLD**

"USERS KNOW"

The Diamond Rubber Co., Akron, Ohio

The Literary Zoo

(Continued from page 946)

Such, then, was my condition when Professor Münsterberg's entrancing volume brought its hint that I am normal. Neither my emotions nor my intellect are morbidized. Such, at any rate, is the idea I derive from study of the cases. I seem to be a sensible being, incapable of persuading myself into a systematized delusion respecting

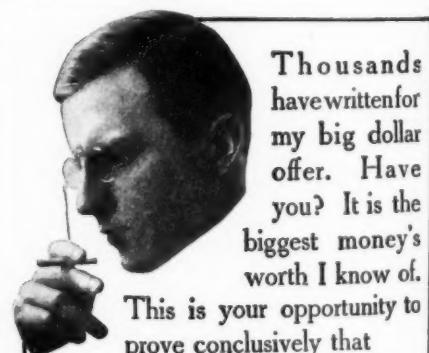
my sanity. This suspicion haunts me always. There are suggestions of hope in the fact that the mad deem themselves sane. My fear of going sane may be the best possible evidence that I am madder than ever. Unfortunately, I tend to wake early in the morning with a conviction that my reason is tottering on its throne, whereupon, fired by the inspiration, I begin a novel. By luncheon time a feeling of perfect sanity leaves me helpless and de-

75 :: DELIGHTFULLY INTERESTING DAYS

Interesting Itinerary
Fine Steamer Select Party
Before planning your winter vacation
write for booklet.
W. B. CHANDLER, Charterer and
Cruise Manager
Holland America Office, - 39 Broadway, NEW YORK

pressed. Some phrase of Professor Münsterberg's recurs to rob me of all faith in my own insanity. I cannot be crazy. The obsessing idea that I am sane is auto-suggestive, to employ the Professor's expression, and deprives me of the self-confidence essential to creative work. The pathology of my genius morbidizes nothing. To make matters worse, I experience the agony of seeing my fear deemed unreal. What is there, after all, in sanity to make me afraid of it? Other men have been as sane as I suspect myself to be, although they have never done anything better than the poetry one sees in the fifteen-cent magazines. I want to write like Balzac, of whom we read in the new literature of psychiatry that his reflexes were most morbid. It is comforting to know that the great Tchaikovsky was never quite sure whether he was sane or insane. My own state is infinitely worse. Professor Münsterberg, through his book,

(Continued on page 950)



Thousands have written for my big dollar offer. Have you? It is the biggest money's worth I know of. This is your opportunity to prove conclusively that

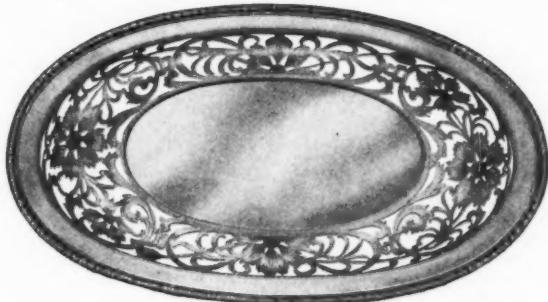
**MAKAROFF
RUSSIAN
CIGARETS**

are all that we claim for them, and we claim a lot. Better write today.

Makaroff - Boston

Mail address—95 Milk Street, Boston

Ask
Your
Dealer



Bread Tray
(Saw Pierced)



After Dinner Coffee Set

Meriden Silver for Christmas

At the Meriden Store a fine variety in Christmas silver is to be had. The perfection of the silversmith's craft is found in this ware, both sterling and plated, and the accompanying illustrations are just a few suggestions of its beauty. The Meriden stamp on any article

guarantees its worth. Those who plan to bestow silver gifts will find here a wonderful assortment of Sterling Silver, Silver Plate, Silver Deposit Ware, Cut Glass, Cut Glass with Sterling Mounts—backed by over half a century reputation for unsurpassed excellence.

The Meriden Company, *Silversmiths*

(International Silver Company, Successor)

49-51 West Thirty-fourth Street, New York

Carriage Entrance, 35th Street



Fruit or Nut Tub
(Natural Oak Lining)



Fern Dish
(Green Lining)



Burgundy Wine
Bottle Holder
(Willowware Lining)



Rhine Wine
Bottle Holder

FLORIDA CUBA AND CAROLINAS

Shortest Quickest Line
Most Attractive Resorts Enroute

SEABOARD AIRLINE Ry.



Go South

but first get information about the superior service and schedules of the

**SEABOARD FAST MAIL
SEABOARD EXPRESS
and the superb All-Pullman
SEABOARD FLORIDA LTD.
one night out New York to
Palm Beach.
Through Pullman, Observation
and Dining Car Service.
Hotels and Winter resorts.
Tourist tickets and stopovers.
Golf, hunting, fishing, climate, etc.
For booklets and information address
W. E. Conklyn, G.E.P.A.
1183 Broadway,
New York**



VACUUM CLEANING

master the subject or avoid the obvious or become a slave to that bane of all literature, accuracy. I do not mean that I might not be a better writer if I could write differently—if I could write, for instance, the way Tom Dixon looks. A man who could write as the author of "The Clansman" looks when, stick in hand and with a gray sack suit upon him, he strides through the metropolis, would be to literature what the Acropolis in the age of Pericles was to architecture. The majesty of Gibbon's prose is in the gait of Tom Dixon, the fire of Shelley's verse is in the eye of Tom Dixon, and the length of a Homeric line is in the step of Tom Dixon. The

(Continued on page 954)

The Literary Zoo

(Continued from page 948)

persuades me that I never could have been quite mad, even when I was young. My whole mental life reorganizes itself around this dread of being sane. The Professor will no doubt insist that I ought to overcome this fancy, but I fear that my career will be ruined in the endless fight against the overpowering obsession. In literature nowadays sanity is a fatal handicap. With all my heart I envy H. G. Wells and the modern school of German poets.

Why I Am a Brilliant Writer

My first reason for being a brilliant writer is that I never have anything to say. The fact that I never have anything to say is not noticed, because I write so well. But my chief reason for being a brilliant writer is that I always write about myself. If I wrote about anything else I should have to



Great Western Champagne

Half the Cost of Imported

Absence of duty reduces its cost 50%.

Of the six American Champagnes exhibited, Great Western was the only one awarded the gold medal at Paris exposition, 1900.

Your grocer or dealer can supply you
Sold everywhere

PLEASANT VALLEY WINE CO.

RHEIMS, N. Y.

Oldest and Largest Champagne House in America

LIFE.

A DISTINGUISHED ELECTRIC WELL WITHIN THE AVERAGE INCOME

With the advent of the new Hupp-Yeats at \$1750, the scope and usefulness of the electric carriage is immensely widened.

Heretofore the electric carriage has been the prerogative of the fortunate few, by reason of its excessive first cost and its consequent expense. The electric carriage as a vehicle rivals the utility of the gasoline car, and it was inevitable that its advantages should be made possible to a larger audience.

This has been done in the case of the Hupp-Yeats, not only without the sacrifice of a single element of beauty or value, but with the addition of many progressive features.

HUPP-YEATS ELECTRIC

A car of French design and very latest fashion

You will not find in any mechanical or operative deficiency an explanation of the new and lower price of the Hupp-Yeats electric.

You will not find it in a lack of elegance.

Even the inadequate illustration presented herewith will show you that it is a carriage more distinguished in appearance than the handsomest of its predecessors.

The Hupp-Yeats, moreover, is luxuriousness personified—the richest of rich leather upholstery, the finest of enamel finish, characterize its equipment.

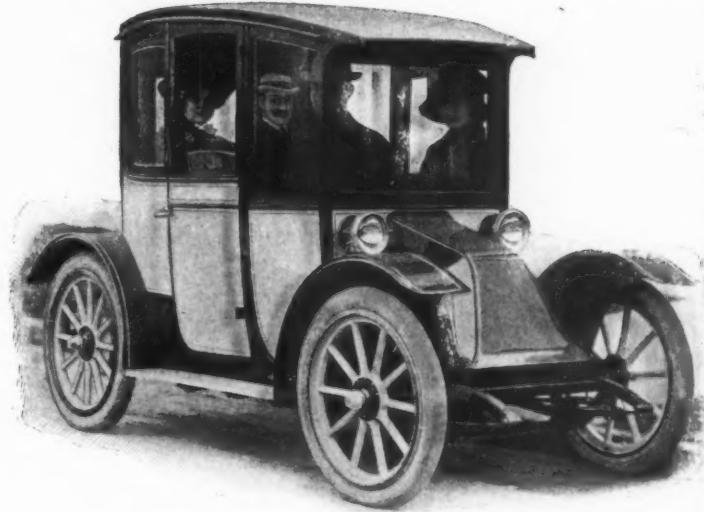
In its mechanical construction it shows a marked advance—incorporating, for instance, a unique system of direct drive, which is in the nature of a revolution.

An efficient Westinghouse motor drives direct to the rear axle, without an extra reduction through a single pair of special gears.

The chassis is the lightest, and at the same time the stoutest, ever utilized in an electric carriage—its lightness, in turn, being reflected in the superior carrying capacity and economy of the battery.

The motor is the Westinghouse, which, as has been said, drives direct, without universal joints or intermediate reduction gears or chains.

The battery is the celebrated Exide, frame the best pressed cannel steel, the bearings finest imported annular type throughout.



HUPP-YEATS LIFE GUARANTEE

The Hupp-Yeats Electric Car Company guarantees the Hupp-Yeats car free from defects in material or workmanship, during the life of the car, and will replace, free of charge, any such defective material when returned to its factory for inspection, transportation prepaid. This guarantee covers all parts of the car, except the motor, tires and storage battery, which are guaranteed by their respective makers.

HUPP-YEATS ELECTRIC CAR COMPANY.

These, with the direct drive, make the current consumption the lowest on record.

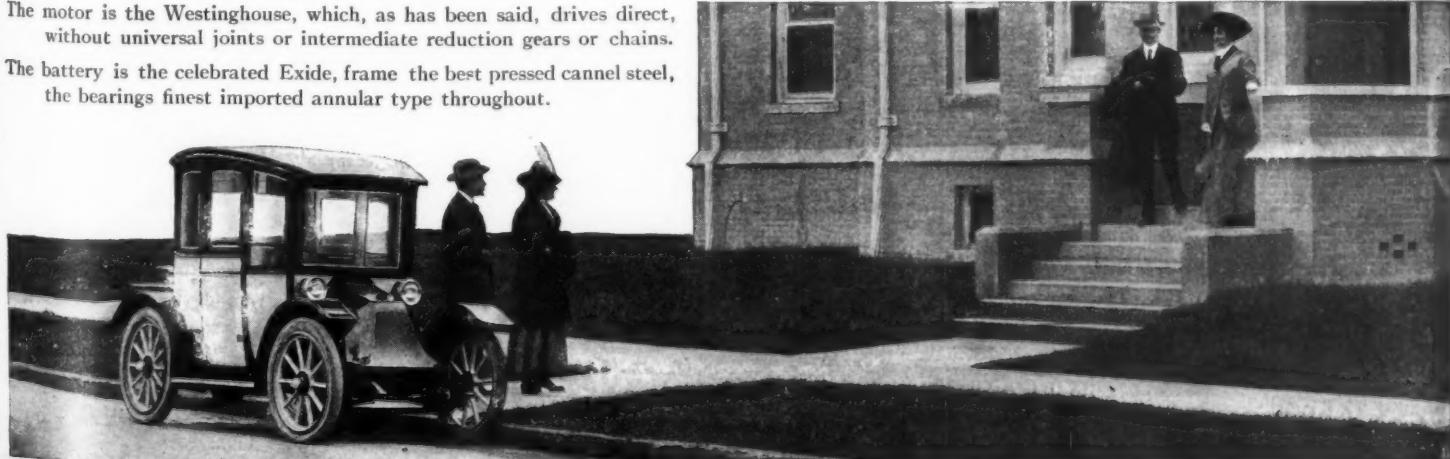
The carriage is modelled largely on French lines, with extraordinarily long wheel base (86 inches), and has an exceedingly low-hung body, which permits the occupant to step directly on a level to the sidewalk.

It will give you, if you like, a speed of 20 miles per hour, and a mileage of 75 to 90 miles on one charge, in the hands of the average user, and in ordinary, everyday driving.

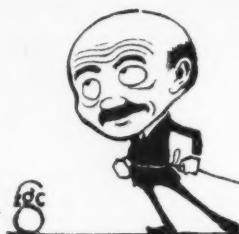
If your city is not yet equipped with sales connections, and you are intending to own a car, you are invited to open up correspondence with the plant direct.

The Hupp-Yeats battery contract provides for the universal service of Exide experts everywhere, who will give each battery special care.

HUPP-YEATS Electric Car Company
Dept. L, Detroit, Mich.



Leading the Imaginary Life



ELABORATE IDEA OF GETTING MARRIED OFTEN

SAMPLES OF LETTERS CONSTANTLY RECEIVED FROM ALL PARTS OF THE UNIVERSE



WE have just graduated our first class in yogis from our yogi training branch, and have placed them at work recording vibrations. Up to the present time it was supposed that every yogi must be made in India, but this impression is false. One of the best yogis we have is a Flatbush man, who has lived on the confines of Brooklyn all his life.

Owing to this increased force, we have caught up in a measure and present here with a page of letters received from various sources. Some of these are materialistic and the rest are translated from vibrations received. In accordance with our usual custom we print them as they come, without change.

Dear Life:

Ever since becoming a regular subscriber last month I have been taking a mental joy ride. The last imaginary number of Life was the best one yet. I felt it coming for hours ahead, and my subliminal self went into a fit on its arrival. Great work!

A — B —

Mr. Gee. Ime. Mit.

Sir:—I thought your mental advertising rate of five hundred dollars a line was highway robbery until I tried it. The fact is, everything depends on the circulation. After my experience, I will believe anything. I had a line of a million hobble skirts and before noon of the day the last number came out, I had vibrated them all over the world. I sold one lot of them to an Esquimaux village and another to a band of Patagonians. There isn't a female astral body within range of your subscription list that isn't hobbling in one of my superb creations.

Yours gratefully,

F — H —

Not Necessarily

Dear Sir:

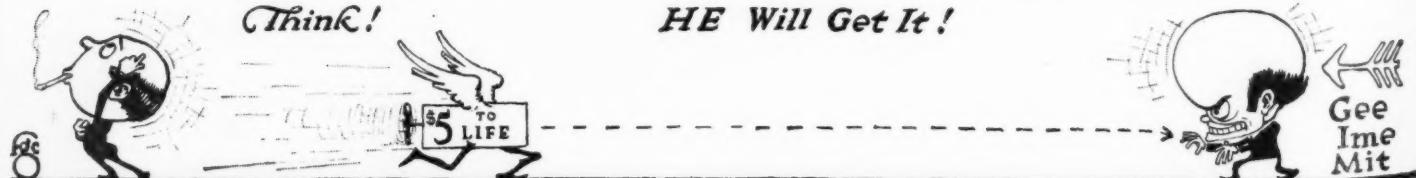
Please cancel my subscription. I have lived in Boston all my life—I was born there, and I cannot bear to have anyone see me mentally any more. When I subscribed, I did not realize what it meant, but now I have suddenly realized that you must be able to see right through me. Please don't vibrate this way any more.

Matilda G —

Think!



HE Will Get It!



Dear Gee. Ime. Mit.

Please stop all my advertising. Every yogi in my place went on strike yesterday and we can't fill our orders. I've been in a trance all day trying to catch up, and it's telling on me. Later I will renew.

H — K —



In Babylon

Dear Life:

One of the things I like about your superb paper is the fact that it makes one immune to any of the materialistic things that happen. I became one of your regular subscribers a year ago. Since then I have married a suffragette, have lived in a Christain Science boarding house and have voted the Republican ticket, and I am as cheerful as ever. What astonishes me is the manner in which

you keep it up. Every imaginary number I receive seems to be the very last word in joyous harmony, but the next one comes and I have to begin all over again. My wife is also a mental subscriber, but doesn't know it. I subscribed for her subliminal self long ago. Materialistically she hates the paper, and is always saying things against it, but psychically I can detect her subliminal self in a quiver of joy over the latest number. Who wouldn't be married under these cheerful circumstances?

Yours circumambiently,
James G —

Dear Life:

I am the reincarnated spirit of a Babylonian scribe who lived four thousand years before Christ, and I am vibrating you a grateful line of thanks for publishing the splendid jokes I used to enjoy so much. It's just like old times!

There are no jokes like the old jokes,
The jokes I used to know
When I peered at bricks in Babylon
An aeon or so ago!

Ever thine,
Katish W —



My dear Old Imaginary Life:

I have been away on a vacation in New Jersey, and when I came home yesterday found all the back numbers waiting for me. They formed an imaginary line extending clear down the front stairs, and for the space of fifteen minutes I saw nothing but blue and yellow discs. After this I shall leave my astral body at home when I visit New Jersey. The shock of so many good numbers is too great.

J — L —

(Concluded on page 953)



Bridget O'Yogi
(from Life)

Leading the Imaginary Life

(Concluded from page 952)

Dear Sirs:

Will you kindly renew my cook's subscription to the mental Life for the next five years. This is a plain, straight proposition, and I am sending you fifty dollars in cash. Personally I don't take any stock in your imaginary numbers, but my cook asked me to do it for her a year or so ago, and I must say that whatever it is, it has had a remarkable effect.

B — H —

Dear Life:

Since subscribing to your imaginary paper, I have become a mental millionaire, and now amuse myself by ordering everything I see in the advertising pages, from cover to cover. It's great fun. Last night, for example, I was looking over the last number and I vibrated to an aeroplane ad. In a jiffy I had sent off ten thousand mental dollars, and in a few more seconds it had come. I hadn't ridden in it more than five minutes, however, before it broke down, and I had to send it back for repairs. While I was waiting I sent off five hundred mental dollars more for a sure cure for high falls, and by the time it came back I was cured and ready for business again.

This morning I saw the advertisement of a matrimonial bureau in your imaginary paper, and by paying an extra fee I was married five times in an hour. Nothing like it.

Yours jubilantly,

X — Y —

Please remember that if you want to subscribe to the Mental Life, you must send in five mental dollars first and get on our waiting list. We are increasing our office help, and after you have done this you probably will not have to wait more than fifteen years at the most.

Address Gee, Ime, Mit.

(Think of him and you'll get him.)



The Howard Watch

Mother and the girls ought to know that a HOWARD Watch means more to a man than any other Christmas gift they could choose for him.

Every man knows the HOWARD Watch—its history and traditions—the names of the leading Americans who have carried the HOWARD and made it their own.

He is pleased with their recognition of him as the kind of man who ought

to own a HOWARD—the finest *practical* timepiece in the world.

The HOWARD Watch is a source of pride to any man among his friends—not alone in its accuracy and reliability, but because of its distinctive position among timepieces.

It is the last word in a fine watch, and no other gift, however high in cost, could more surely reflect the idea of quality.

A HOWARD Watch is always worth what you pay for it. The price of each watch—from the 17-jewel (*double roller*) in a Boss or Crescent gold-filled case at \$40 to the 23-jewel in a 14-k. solid-gold case at \$150—is fixed at the factory and a printed ticket attached.

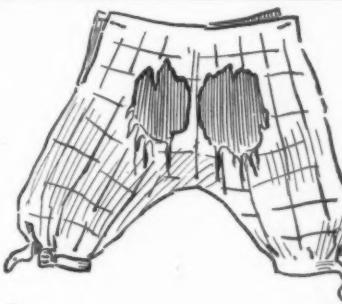
Not every jeweler can sell you a HOWARD Watch. Find the HOWARD jeweler in your town and talk to him. He is a good man to know. Drop us a postal card, Dept. P., and we will send you "The Story of Edward Howard and the First American Watch"—an inspiring chapter of history that every man and boy should read.

E. HOWARD WATCH WORKS, BOSTON, MASS.

Holidays and Responsibilities

All the year round from New Year's Day, when we all resolve to work harder, to Christmas, the annual Festival of Care, life is one long revel of responsibility. Holidays are simply a time to get over having lived a year in, and to wonder if we can ever live another. There is a little prayer or liturgy for Christmas use which appeals to some of us, when we have spent six weeks in shopping * * *

Forgive us our Christmases as we forgive those who have Christmased against us.—Mount Tom.



M.A.S.

"AYE, THERE'S THE RUB."

**THE
YACHT
CLUB**

**FRENCH
SARDINE**
GREETS YOU

RENE BEZIERS & CO., Packers

Perfect Fish in Finest Olive Oil

MEYER & LANGE, New York, Sole Agents.

LIFE.

WASHBURN



The World's Standard. Tone clear, mellow and very powerful. Absolutely perfect in scale. Finest workmanship. Prices from \$15 upward. Send for illustrated Catalog to the makers.

For sale by all leading music dealers.
Desk D, 7269

Lyon & Healy
Chicago



The Literary Zoo

(Continued from page 950)

great writer is he who combines in one style the merits of many stylists. Tom Dixon does that on the street without winking. I repeat, I am a brilliant writer for the reasons I have given, but I shall never be as brilliant a writer as I wish to be because never shall I write as Tom Dixon looks. Neither will he.

Love and the Encyclopædia

Brilliant as are the long advertisements which exploit the merits of that eleventh edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica of which the University of Cambridge is so proud, one can foresee that the grand defect of all previous editions will characterize the twenty-nine India paper volumes to emerge next year. There will be no article on "Love." I have consulted all the great encyclopædias of which I know anything, without finding an article under that irresistible heading. Possibly the subject receives adequate

Rieger's Flower Drops

TRADE MARK REGISTERED

A Christmas Gift for Wife or Sweetheart

Flower Drops is the most exquisite perfume ever produced. Real flower perfumes in the most concentrated form.

A single drop diffuses the odor of a thousand blossoms and lasts for weeks. 50 times the strength of other perfumes; made by a new process; contains no alcohol.

Put up in cut glass bottle with long glass stopper; packed in a maple case.

4 odors—Lily of the Valley, Violet, Rose, Crabapple. \$1.50 a bottle all over the world wherever perfumes are sold; or send postpaid upon receipt of check, stamp or money order. Money returned if not the finest perfume you ever used. An ideal gift for any occasion.

Rieger Perfumes sold everywhere. 50c oz. up.

Paul Rieger, 235 1st St., San Francisco and 1631 Randolph St., Chicago

A miniature bottle for 20 cts. in stamps or silver if you name your druggist.

1810—CENTENARY EDITION—1910

THE LADY OF THE LAKE

Illustrated in colors by

HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

In June, 1810, the first edition of Sir Walter Scott's THE LADY OF THE LAKE was published.

In June, 1910, The Bobbs-Merrill Company placed with Howard Chandler Christy the commission to illustrate the centenary edition of the poem, believing that an adequate edition of this character would be one of the most worthy publishing undertakings of the year.

The Christy Edition of THE LADY OF THE LAKE is a distinct departure in sumptuous gift books. The size of the volume is 9 x 12 inches. It contains one hundred and twelve pages. Each page of text is illustrated by a different drawing, worked out in tones of the Douglas blue. There are thirteen full color pictures—the largest color plates from the largest oil paintings that Mr. Christy has yet produced. The entire book is illustrated beyond precedent. The cover is simple yet most handsome. A box is provided.

Price, \$3.00, Postpaid.

RAD-BRIDGE

Registered at Pat. Office LONDON, WASHINGTON, OTTAWA

COUNT ANDRASSY
It is told of the late Count Andrassy
That he said to a lady at Passy,
"To entertain well
And be ultra swell,

Use 'Rad-Bridge' or your guests may get sassy."

SILK VELOUR PLAYING CARDS
Latest, same quality, size, colors and price as our famous hemstitched linen card, only difference design of back. "It's a beauty,"
Ten cents in stamp (less than cost) secures our handsome sample wallet
of Bridge White accessories with new illustrated catalog.

Dept. L., RADCLIFFE & CO., 144 Pearl St., New York

Reduce Your Flesh

without drugs or dieting
by wearing

Dissolvene Rubber Garments

POSITIVE RESULTS OBTAINED

Worn with Comfort by Men and Women

Write for Booklet "L"

DISSOLVENE MFG. COMPANY,

18 W. 34th St., New York, Tel. No. 5504 Murray Hill

(Astor Court Building) Adjoining Waldorf-Astoria.

Rubber Face Masks remove Tan, Freckles and all impurities of the Skin. Price \$5.00 prepaid.



treatment in some French or Spanish or German equivalent of what these glowing advertisements style "a fresh and original survey of universal knowledge." But to English-speaking people that avails little. There is a basis of hope in this extract from the prospectus inserted in *Hampton's*, which I give here in the expectation that the University of Cambridge will send me a set gratis, charging it to the advertising account:

"The Encyclopædia Britannica has become an international institution—a heritage of English-speaking people everywhere. In view of its unfailing usefulness in recording the knowledge gained by mankind in every department of human activity, we desire to invite public attention to certain new features of this edition which distinguish it from all previous editions and from all other works of reference whatsoever."

This may be taken as a hint that Love is to be dealt with. A long article consecrated to the subject from the pen of some one or other of the authorities who render it so timely in the New York evening papers would

(Continued on page 955)



THE BOBBS-MERRILL COMPANY

INDIANAPOLIS
9-11 W. Washington St.

The Literary Zoo

(Continued from page 954)

promote the sale of the eleventh edition throughout a vast constituency. The article on "Radioactivity" will inevitably be from the pen of the highest living authority on that specialty, and, naturally, the article on Love will be over the signature of some ornament of the Hearst papers. Or will the topic be distributed among several experts—say, Professor Hugo Münsterberg on the psychology of Love, Professor Joseph Jastrow on the subconsciousness of Love, and Professor Harry Thurston Peck on the art of Love? Certainly, the omission of the subject altogether must seem anomalous, especially when one notes how elaborately previous editions deal with the kindred topics of Marriage, Divorce and Breach of Promise.

A Mutual Disappointment

What the educated class want, if we correctly understand Dean George Hodges of the Episcopal Theological School at Cambridge in his "Presentation of Religion to Educated Men" is a God in whom they can have faith. What God wants may be an educated class in which He can have faith—the very thing, we believe, that President Lowell of Harvard wants.

Weeping Over Books

With reference to a powerful work that lately came under his eye, George

INVESTMENT SECURITIES

NEW YORK

Bank and Trust Co. Stocks

and High-Class Industrials

Q Complete facilities for purchase and sale of Stocks in Banks and Trust Companies located anywhere in United States. Our current Lists present unusual opportunities for investment in new banks in growing towns as well as in established dividend-paying banks. We quote lowest prices.

Write for our free pamphlet "No. 110" setting forth the facts regarding Bank Stocks as an investment. We will also mail you our current list.

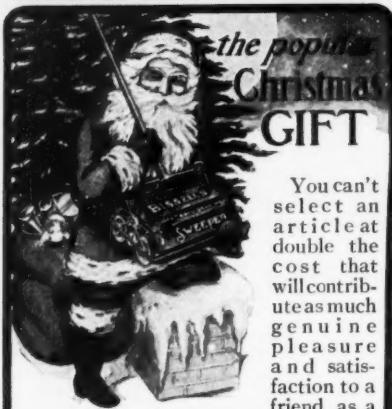
STERLING DEBENTURE CORPORATION
BRUNSWICK BUILDING
MADISON SQUARE

NEW YORK

Moore observes that he wept over it as he has not wept over any volume for a very long time. There is a world of psychology in this revelation of George Moore's capacity to weep over his literature. How many men in this country can cry as they read? All emotional forms of expression seem denied us. Nothing could seem more grotesque than the sight of two American men embracing as they meet at a railway station, although in France the President of the Republic embraces the King of Italy whenever

the pair meet officially in the Elysée. In Latin countries, too, the men weep upon occasion. I have read that Bazin wept when they told him he had been elected to the French Academy. Zola wept for Dreyfus. Anatole France, it seems, weeps frequently. I forget why. Of course, these illustrious men of letters do not bawl or make ridiculous spectacles of themselves. They shed no such tears as cause the cheek to flame like a boiled lobster. The thing is done emotionally. In what-

(Continued on page 956)



You can't select an article at double the cost that will contribute as much genuine pleasure and satisfaction to a friend as a

Bissell Sweeper. Made of the richest woods, hand polished and with metal parts all nickel plated, the "Bissell" makes a most appropriate and acceptable holiday gift, and will be a constant reminder of the giver for ten years or more. Thousands of Bissell Sweepers are used every year as wedding and holiday presents.

For sale everywhere. Prices \$2.75 to \$5.75. Send for booklet.

Buy of your dealer between now and January 1st, send us the purchase slip *within one week from date of purchase*, and we will send you **GRATIS** a fine quality black leather card case with no printing on it. (11)

BISSELL CARPET SWEEPER CO.
Dept. 132 Grand Rapids, Mich.
(Largest and Only Exclusive Carpet Sweeper Makers in the World.)

The Literary Zoo

(Continued from page 955)

ever country we investigate the subject we find that the literary men do the weeping. Gabriele d'Annunzio has shed tears more copiously than any other living Italian. The procedure is expected of the great writer on the continent of Europe. The practice might profitably be initiated over here and the novelists ought to introduce it. Jack London should begin. Let him weep over his last book. He has good reason to.

Writing About Nothing

The great drawback in writing about some subject in particular is the necessity of mastering it. Even when one has mastered it there is little reason to infer that anybody cares to be told about it. Furthermore, any fool can write upon a theme with which he is thoroughly familiar. The brilliant writer is he who can make himself arresting when he has really nothing at all to say. Nor does there seem any solid basis for the theory of some critics that one should be always writing about something. No doubt, in

order to tell a story one must have a story to tell, but it does not necessarily follow that one will tell it well. The best effects are those of the story one has to tell, which one starts to tell and which one leaves after all untold because that is so much more interesting. Such are the general considerations which make the five short stories which Henry James has brought together in

(Concluded on page 961)

Red Cedar Chest Is a Fine Xmas Gift

This chest is built of delightfully fragrant Southern Red Cedar. Protects furs and other clothing against moths and mice. No camphor or moth balls required. Dust- and-damp-proof. Saves cold storage expenses.

Very roomy. 4 ft. long; 2 ft. wide; 2 ft. high. Two big drawers. A magnificent chest. Hand polished. Wide copper bands. **Beautiful Xmas Gift.** Needed in every home. We have many other styles. Freight prepaid from our factory to your home. No dealer's profit. Write for illustrated catalog. Shows all styles and gives prices.

PIEDMONT RED CEDAR CHEST CO., Dept. 43, Statesville, N. C.



Let Us Be Your Santa Claus

A FOURTEEN-TIMES PRESENT

LAST year we played Santa Claus for many perplexed people, who solved their Christmas-gift problem by giving a year's subscription to the METROPOLITAN. This year we expect to go down many more chimneys. We commissioned one of our cleverest artists to make up a dainty Christmas announcement card. He caught the spirit of the thing and has turned out a delightful Christmasy creation. One of these card announcements will be mailed with each gift-subscription we receive this year to arrive Christmas morning. The name of the donor will appear on the card, as shown in the reproduction on this page. Unfortunately, it is a mechanical impossibility for us to show you here the card in its real coloring. Catching the Holiday spirit ourselves, we are going to send with each subscription the November and December numbers without charge, and begin the subscription with the January number for a year. In other words we are going to give fourteen numbers for the price

of twelve. All you have to do is to send the name, or names and addresses, of your friends and relatives, accompanied with a remittance of \$1.50 for each subscription, and we will do the rest. There are not many presents you could buy for \$1.50 in any department store that would begin to be as acceptable as a fourteen-months' subscription to the METROPOLITAN—a gift that any of your friends will appreciate. It's a fourteen-time present, and your thoughtfulness will be remembered when the receipt of a more pretentious gift would have been forgotten. Please do not delay sending your order until just before Christmas. Our mails run up to thousands of letters daily during December, and you will ease the burden of our clerks by sending in your subscriptions just as soon as you read this announcement. Then again, your order will receive better attention, and there is less likelihood of mistakes occurring in the filling of your subscriptions.

METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE CO.,
288 Fifth Ave., New York City.



Victor-Victrola

Three new styles



Victor-Victrola XI, \$100

Mahogany or oak

Victor-Victrola X, \$75

Mahogany or oak



Victor-Victrola XIV, \$150

Mahogany or oak with racks for records



The first and only instrument of its kind

No other musical instrument possesses the clear, beautiful, mellow tone-quality of the Victor-Victrola.

When the Victor-Victrola was introduced four years ago, it created a sensation in the musical world and set a new standard for tone quality.

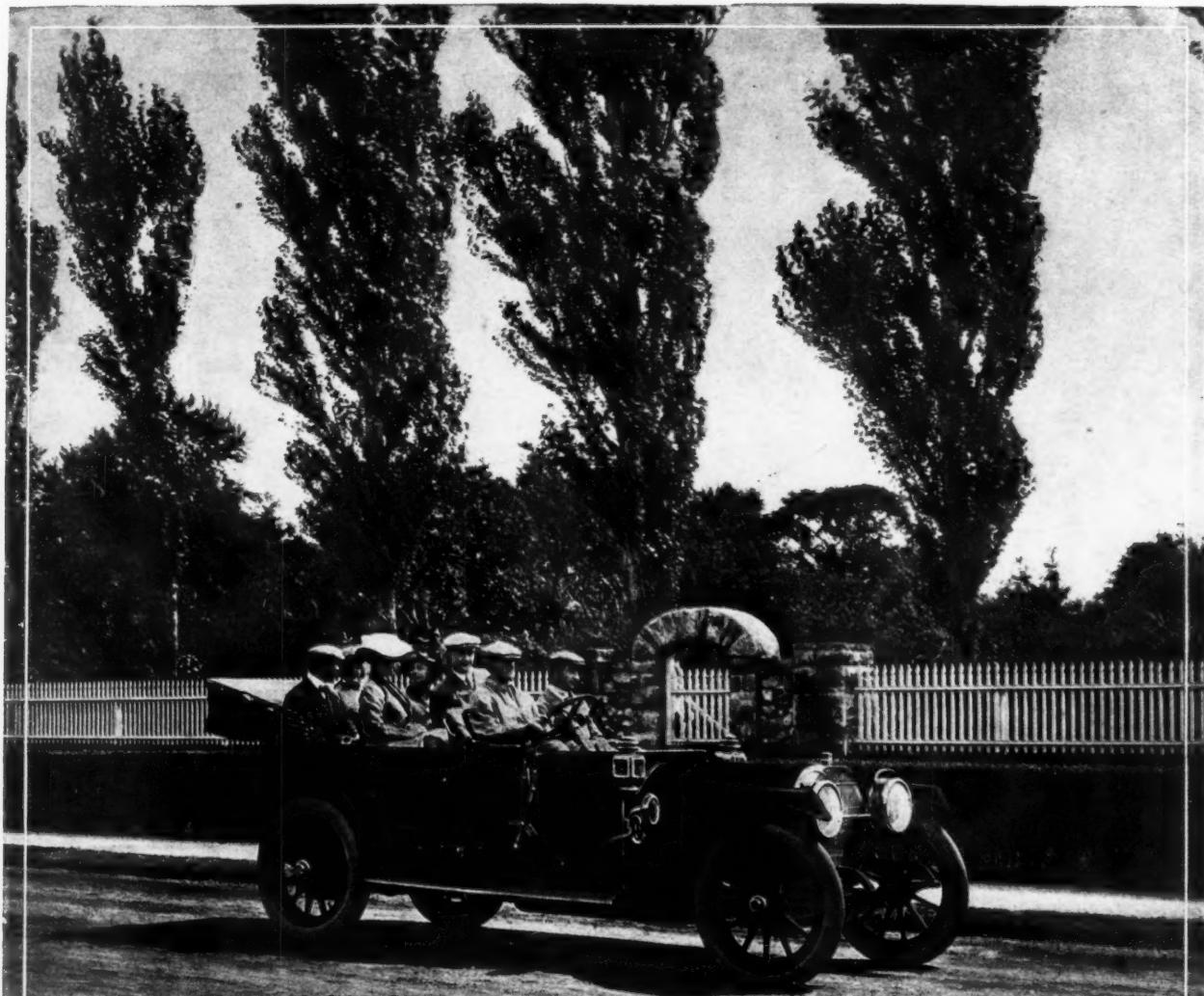
And that tone quality is still supreme today.

Look for the
Victor dog
on the lid of
every Victor-Victrola



• LIFE •

Locomobile



High Tension Ignition on all 1911 Models

Also Four Door Bodies and Demountable Rims & Shaft Drive, Four Speeds

The "30" Four Cylinders \$3500 - The "48" Six Cylinders \$4800

Prices include Tops and Demountable Rims - Complete Information on Request

The Locomobile Co. of America - Bridgeport, Conn.

NEW YORK · PHILADELPHIA · BOSTON · SAN FRANCISCO · CHICAGO



ICENSED UNDER THE SEDEN PATENT



LIFE

CRICHTON BROS., OF LONDON

Silversmiths

636 Fifth Avenue (Cor. 51st Street), New York

Old English Silver At London Prices

The choice of pieces is the largest ever offered in the United States and comprises many types of

CANDLESTICKS
CAKE BASKETS
CENTREPIECES
CREAM EWERS
INK STANDS

TANKARDS
TEA SETS
SALVERS
SALT CELLARS
SAUCE BOATS, etc.

The Collection also includes many small articles of interest which would make unique
Christmas Gifts. The prices of the above are exactly the same as at the London House.

REPRODUCTIONS OF THE ANTIQUE—A special feature is the exact reproduction in hand-wrought silver of
the finest models of the Queen Anne and Georgian Periods. The workmanship is of the highest grade and
every care is taken to ensure accuracy.

CRICHTON BROS.,

636 Fifth Avenue (Cor. 51st Street), New York

London: 22 Old Bond Street



A MINIATURE PAINTER

ILLUSION

DRALLE, HAMBURG
PERFUMES

DRALLE'S famous floral
ILLUSION is a distinctive perfume.

The pure unadulterated essence of the flower.
Nothing added and nothing taken away.

Extracted by a new and secret process, the full fragrance of the flower is obtained in a highly concentrated liquid form, without alcohol or other cheapening ingredients.
One drop imparts the delightful odor of freshly cut flowers.

AN ILLUSION HEART FOR THREE 2c. STAMPS

This dainty heart, touched with a single drop of Lily of the Valley, will demonstrate the lasting fragrance of DRALLE'S ILLUSION. Wear it about your neck, or carry it in your purse with your handkerchief, and note how long it lasts, and how many of your friends will notice it. When sending give your dealer's name.

Imitators have attempted to copy the package, the bottle and the label, but it is impossible for them to duplicate, or even imitate the perfume. Insist on DRALLE'S ILLUSION, the original and genuine non-alcoholic perfume.

ILLUSION can be had in Rose, Violet, Lily of the Valley, Narcissus, Heliotrope, Lilac and Wistaria at the best shops.

GEO. BORGFELDT & CO.
Sole Agents for U. S. and Canada
119 E. 16th St. - NEW YORK

Sahs a
RENEBURG, G.

Have You Ordered Your Life Calendars for 1911?

Last year, along in December, a friend sent this urgent message:

"Send me by bearer six of each of your Calendars. I have a dozen friends who have gotten into the habit of expecting me to send them each a LIFE Calendar for a Christmas present, and I wouldn't disappoint them for worlds. Been so rushed I forgot all about it until just now. Don't go back on me. I must have them."

And we sent back:

"Sorry, old man, but we are all sold out. We can't print any more, as the plates are off the press. *Your order came too late.*

THIS year we are printing an extra large edition, but we urge every one to order at once. These Calendars are unique in the history of pictorial art. They combine usefulness with beauty. All in colors. Fun, sentiment, pathos. As a certain kind of universal Christmas gift, they hit the bull's-eye.

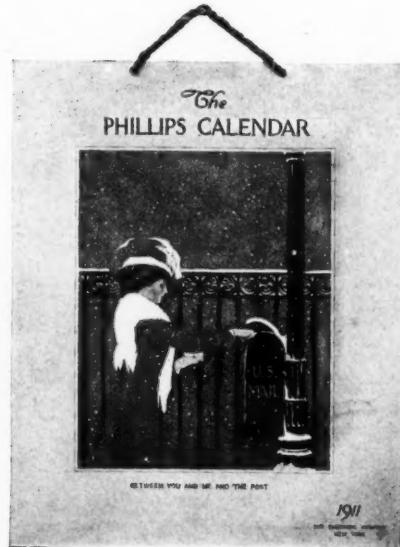
It's never too early to order, but at any moment it may be too late.

We try to anticipate every one's demand, but this is a big country, and the people who want LIFE Calendars every year are like the population of New York—you never can tell how many there are going to be.



Front cover in color by James Montgomery Flagg. Six sheets in black and tint of original drawings by Balfour Ker, W. L. Jacobs, P. D. Johnson, and others. Boxed and tied with heavy silk cord.

Size 15½ x 12½. PRICE, \$2.00



A seven-sheet calendar with drawings in color by C. Coles Phillips.

These imitable, unique drawings of Mr. Phillips combine to make the most attractive calendar offered. Boxed and tied with heavy silk cord.

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We have also published a Gibson Calendar but have not enough left to warrant advertising

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY, 17 West 31st St., NEW YORK

The Literary Zoo

(Concluded from page 956)

"The Finer Grain" and issued through the Scribners quite irresistible. They are not to be read so much as to be inhaled.

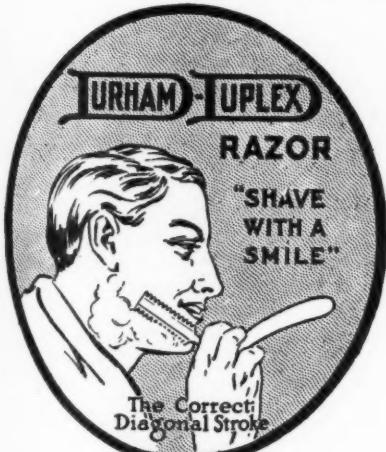
A Demand for the Hackneyed Themes

One curse of modern literature is the dread of the obvious. That is why so little ever happens in books as it happens in life. Our writers are desperate through the necessity imposed upon them by publishers of contriving situations new and strange. Works of fiction read too much, in consequence, like wild dreams. There appeared not so long since a novel in which the central personage contrived an apparatus enabling him to walk up a wall like a fly. Such are the logical consequences of dread of the obvious. The chapter wherein the villain was found out and killed as he crawled down the wall of a room in which he had just been guilty of murder and was left there fixed like a dead fly proved a typical instance of the craze for originality. But one tires at last of originality. One sighs for the good old hackneyed situations with their stock heroines and their inevitable ends. Why can not our brilliant novelists try, for a change, to be like Hall Caine?

The Jingle Man

The grand reason for keeping Poe out of the Hall of Fame was that his

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Hotel Life in California

Is Just One Round of Pleasure
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YOUNG women like to spend the winters in California because of the hotel life. All are thoroughly modern and beautifully situated. One is surrounded by one hundred and five acres of lawn.

There is a dance, a card party, a paper chase, a golf or tennis tournament, or some other form of entertainment at every hour of the day and night.

Charming people from all over the world meet and become acquainted in California.

Reached directly by traveling over the.

UNION PACIFIC

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We will assist in planning your California trip, if you will communicate with

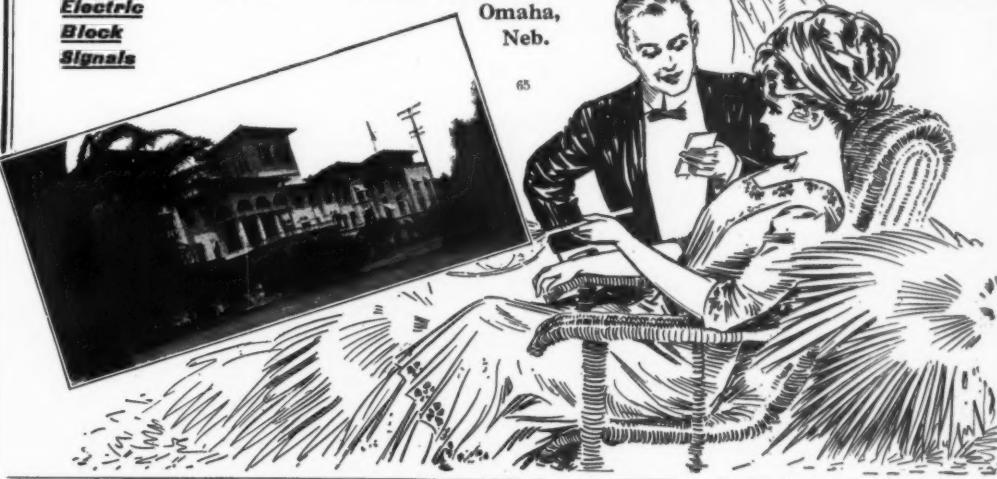
GERRIT FORT, Passenger Traffic Manager,

Dept A. Union Pacific R. R.,

Omaha,
Neb.

Electric
Block
Signals

65



career unfitted him for a place among respectable men and women. It is too late to talk about that now, naturally. Poe has been voted as great as Mary Lyon and others of whom I know nothing and of whom nobody I know knows anything. I dare say they could all be found in the encyclopædia. The detail that needs correction concerning Poe just now has reference to Emerson's designation of him as "the jingle man." Emerson is assumed to have used the words disparagingly.

He can have intended nothing but a compliment. It requires a very high type of ability to write jingles. This can be disputed solely by those who have never tried to write jingles. It seems an easy enough matter to the tyro to rattle off lines like

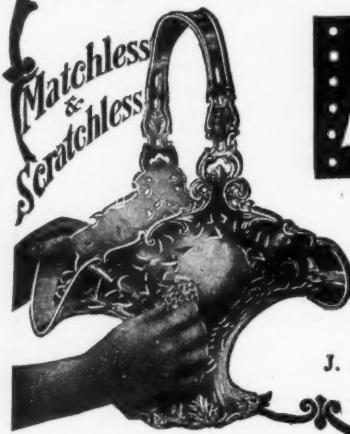
"Thus may I hope to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,"
but in reality it is exceedingly difficult. Not one jingler in a million can do it. Emerson knew that.

Alexander Harvey.

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is to polish it weekly. It grows dark so gradually that you may not notice it, but your guests, who have learned the secret of keeping their silver looking like new, will notice it.

Wright's Silver Cream gives silverware the brilliant appearance it had when new. The labor involved is very light—nothing compared with the beauty of its results. To test this claim, let us send you a free sample of



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TRADE MARK

large enough to enable you to clean a number of pieces of silver. Silver Cream is smooth as satin, and while the best remover of dirt and tarnish, is non-acid and positively free from grit and danger of scratching. Ask your dealer, and insist on the genuine Wright's Silver Cream.

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A Christmas Vampire

A fool there was, and he made a gift
(Even as you or I).
He bought it with taste and care and
thrift
(For a lady his friends thought rather
swift)
And when he gave it, the lady sniffed
(Even as you or I).

Oh, the judgment and taste and time
we waste
On the gifts at Christmastide,
Which we give to the lady who isn't
pleased
(And now we know she could never be
pleased
And never be satisfied).

A fool there was, and he gave his check
(Even as you or I).
For a necklace of pearls without a
fleck

The fool was fleeced to his last red cent

(Even as you or I).

She threw him aside, when his gold was spent

(And nobody cared where the lady went),

And the fool gave way to loud lament
(Even as you or I).

And it wasn't the loss, and it wasn't
the dross,

The reason that same fool cried;
It was coming to know that she never
was pleased
(Seeing at last she could never be
pleased

And never be satisfied).

—Carolyn Wells in *Smart Set*.

Wanted—A Cinch

"So," said the good man, "you intend to be a doctor when you grow up."

"Yep," Tommy replied.

"And why have you decided upon the medical profession?"

"Well, a doctor seems to be the only man that keeps right on gettin' paid whether his work is satisfactory or not."

—Chicago Record-Herald.

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For Maids
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A New Book By SIR GILBERT PARKER

Cumner's Son

This new book by Gilbert Parker is a collection of short stories mostly set in the islands of the South Sea under British dominion. They have the indescribable atmosphere of a tropic land and the broad spirit of humanity that is born whenever the savage and the civilized are found living their lives side by side. Many of them are love stories, with the unusual motives and setting of the tropics, and all are characteristic Parker stories.

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are made to supply that growing public which realizes the true economy of buying the best. For instance, ten dollars invested in one pair of "Cort" shoes will give infinitely more satisfaction than the same amount spent for two pairs of ordinary shoes.

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Not only "Cort" shoes for street and dress wear, but "Cort" riding and field boots, golf, tennis and yachting shoes are the world's standard of correctness and quality.

"Cort" shoes are made for both men and women and they fetch 8 to 15 dollars at retail. Let us tell you where they may be had.

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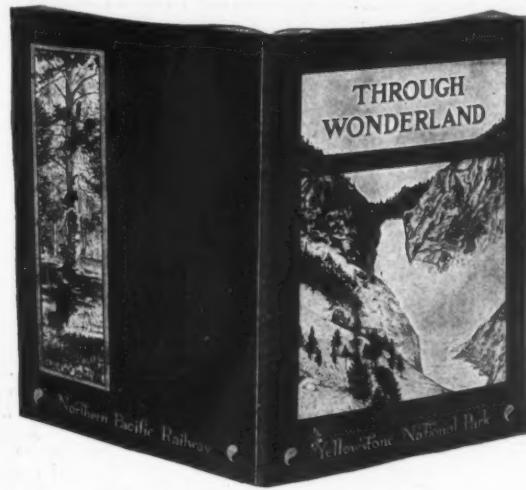
NEWARK, N. J.

NEW YORK CITY AGENCY
MARTIN & MARTIN, NO. 1 EAST 35TH STREET



Mr. Small: WHY THE DEVIL DID YOU TIP THAT WAITER SO MUCH?

The Other: LOOK AT THE COAT HE GAVE ME.



Visit Yellowstone Park

Season 1911: June 15-Sept. 15

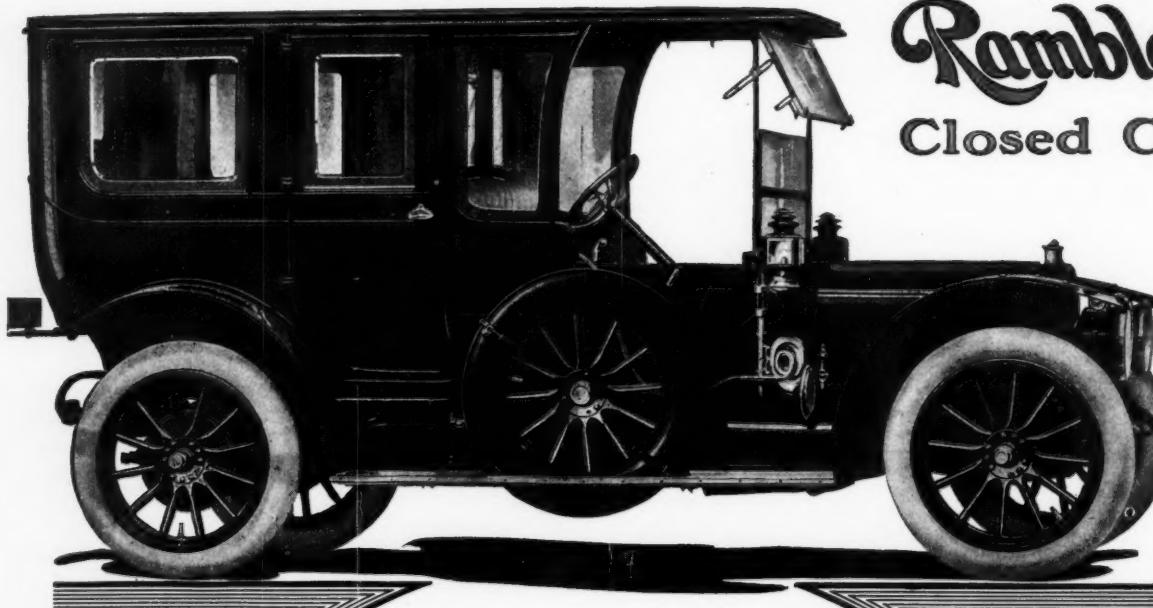
You ought, by all means, to see this great Wonderland.

Geysers, hot and mineral springs, emerald pools, mud volcanoes, cataracts, canyons, beasts, birds and fish---verily there is no place like it in all the world. A magnificent 143-mile coaching trip pleasantly broken by stops in superb hotels where the service is equal to the best resort hotels in America. For the season of 1911 a new, enormous and beautiful hotel will be open at the Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone. You should plan to spend a month there. The cost is moderate---you will never regret it. Send 6c in stamps for the handsome book reproduced above---the best book on the Park ever published---and full particulars about the Park trip. Address

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Sixty-five
Limousine

RAMBLER closed cars justly deserve distinction because of the attention given to little things. The seats are low enough for the comfort of any person, wide enough to seat three with wraps, without crowding, and deep enough for gratifying ease. The curtains are of heavy brocaded silk, pantasote lined, with Pullman car fixtures. The ceiling, sides, window and door sashes of the limousine and coupe are of mahogany, highly polished. The limousine appointments include two electric dome lights, electric cigar lighter, bouquet holder, silk hat and parcel rack, umbrella holder, toilet case, card and cigar cases, clock, stationary mirror, whisk broom and holder, and megaphone signal.

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Same Old Thing

SAME old Christmas!

Same old jokes,
Same old slippers,
Same old smokes,
Same old swaying
Mistletoe,
Same old kisses—
Same old "Oh!"

Same old shoppers,
Same old rush,
Same old egg-nogg,
Same old lush,
Same old stockings,
Same old tree,
Same old Santa,
Same old glee,

Same old pictures,
Same old verse,
Same old pipe racks—
Only worse!
Same old neckties,
Same old dolls,
Same old candy,
Same old balls,

Same old dinner,
Same old cards,
Same old gifts from
Same old pards—
Merry Christmas!
Glad! Aren't you?
It's the same thing,
Old, yet new!



CHESTERFIELD JUNIOR



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. LVI. DECEMBER 1, 1910 No. 1466

Published by

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY

J. A. MITCHELL, Pres't. A. MILLER, Sec'y and Treas.
17 West Thirty-first Street, New York.

Over the Christmas Wire



"HELLO, Central.
Give me Forty
Below Zero, North
Pole. All right. Is that
you, Santa Claus?"

"Yes, yes. Who's
calling?"

"Uncle Sam. I want
to give you the list of
things you're to bring
for my children."

"All right. Wait till I get a pencil.
Ready now. Go ahead."

"Put down a hobble skirt for the
Goddess of Liberty. She's getting so
old-fashioned nobody ever notices her
any more."

"One hobble skirt. Next."

"You may bring Wall Street a nice
new Standard of Business Morals."

"Very well."

"For the Democratic Party a big
bunch of plain Common Sense."

"Right, oh."

"And for the Suffragettes a little
old-fashioned Feminine Modesty."

"Yep."

"For the Trusts you may bring, let
me see—well, never mind. Scratch
them off. They've got everything
already. Instead of that put down the
Common People. Bring them a New
Tariff."

"Very good."

"In the stockings of Willie Bryan
and Teddy Roosevelt you may put certi-
ficates of life membership in the
Down and Out Club."

"Got it."



CHRISTMAS GREETINGS

"And for the soldiers in my army
you may bring the Canteen that was
taken away from them."

"Down."

"To my Congress you may fetch a
goodly quantity of Honest Desire to
Serve the People."

"That's a pretty big order, Samuel."

"Pack up for the American Woman
a bundle of sensible clothes to take the
place of the silly duds she's wearing
now."

"Right."

"Put on the list some Celerity for
my judges and lawyers."

"Correct."

"To my people who live on farms and
in lonely places, the comforts and con-
venience of a Parcels Post system."

"Entered."

"And for the doctors a large bottle
of Anti-Get-Rich-Quick Serum."

"Serum. Go ahead."

"Bring along for the Labor Leaders
a generous supply of Respect for the
Law."

"All right."

"And to all little children and aged
persons Love and Care from the Young
and Strong."

"No mistake about that."

"To every sweet dispositioned maiden
lady a Handsome, Rich and Loving Hus-
band."

"That's easy."

"And to each of the States of the
Union and to my Outlying Possessions
Peace, Prosperity and Happiness."

"Very well. Is that all?"

"Yes—no, hold on. I almost forgot
my favorite son, LIFE. Bring him a
million new subscribers."

"Did you say one million or two
millions?"

"Oh, make it two millions. So long,
Santa. Merry Christmas to you."

"Same to you, Sammy, and many of
them."

The Christmas Spirit

SEE the Christmas Spirit!
Ah, what a beautiful sight. "Tell
me, O Sage, what is a Christmas Spirit?"

"It all depends on the point of view."

"That is a trite remark. Can you not
be more specific?"

"I can. A Christmas Spirit, when
viewed by the tradesman, is to sell a
great quantity of stuff at top-notch
prices in order that it will not have to
be sacrificed in January."

"That is perhaps a bit unkind, but
what other point of view do you think
of?"

"To the children, the Christmas Spirit
is the right to have much more than
they need and much more than is good
for them."

"That may be true. What else?"

"To the shopgirl the Christmas Spirit
is but little more than a tremendously
trying period of overwork."

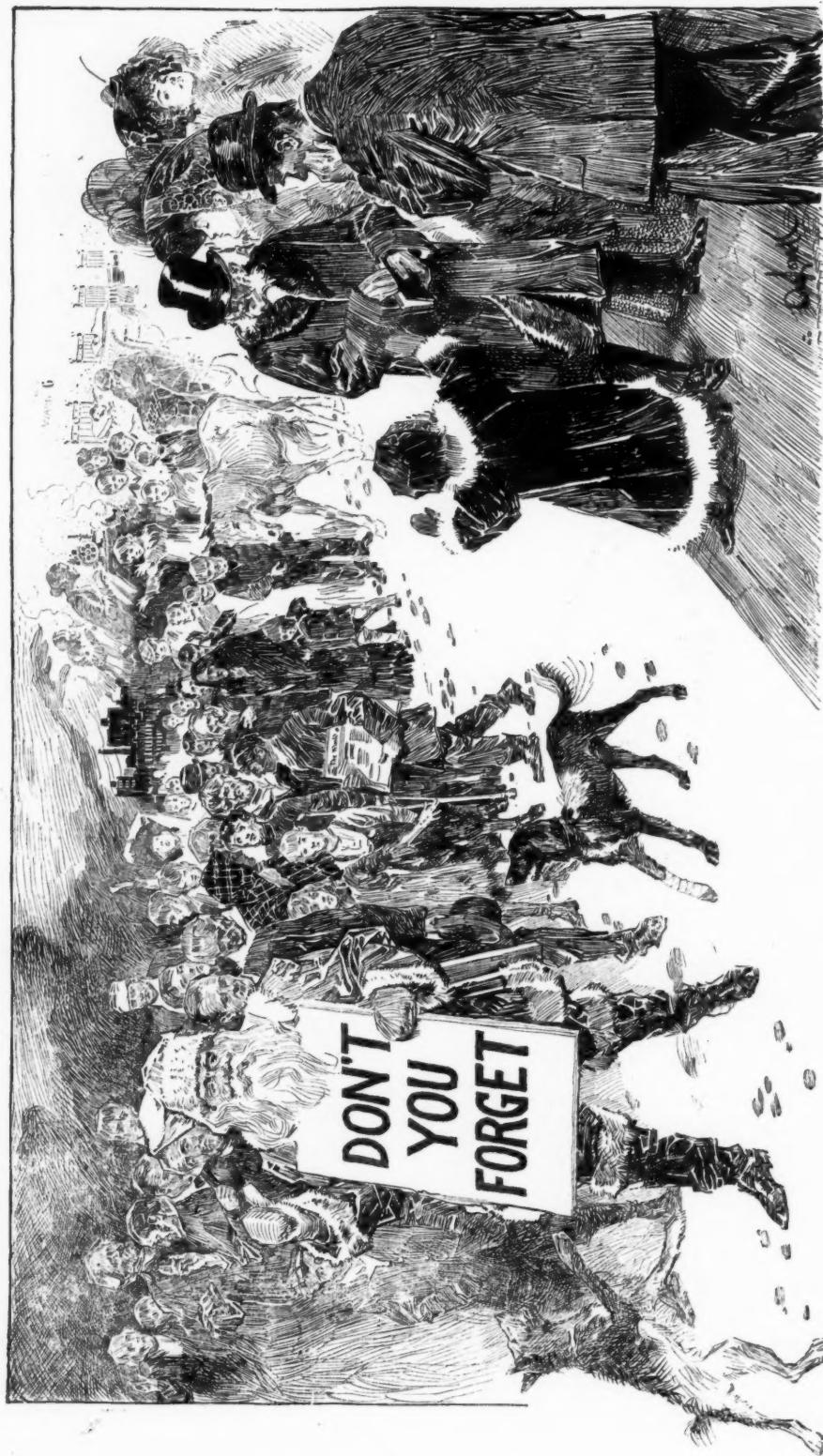
"Tell me no more. You are too cyni-
cal."

"Not infrequently does the truth
sound cynical."





I WONDER WHICH CHIMNEY IT IS?"



A Word to the Rich

Christmas at Pedro's

(A REUNION)

ABOVE the posters on the wall
Hang mistletoe and holly.
Observe through smoke wreaths in the
hall
Mine Host, the Signor jolly;
No Yule log glows; no belfries chime
To cheer this feast precarious,
Served here at happy Christmas time
To saints and sinners various.

Gathered together, homeless scribes
And artists unrequited
From chill North studios in tribes,
Forgotten, uninvited
At stately boards where candles shine
On moods and manners proper,
The purple smug and linen fine
O'er which art comes a cropper.

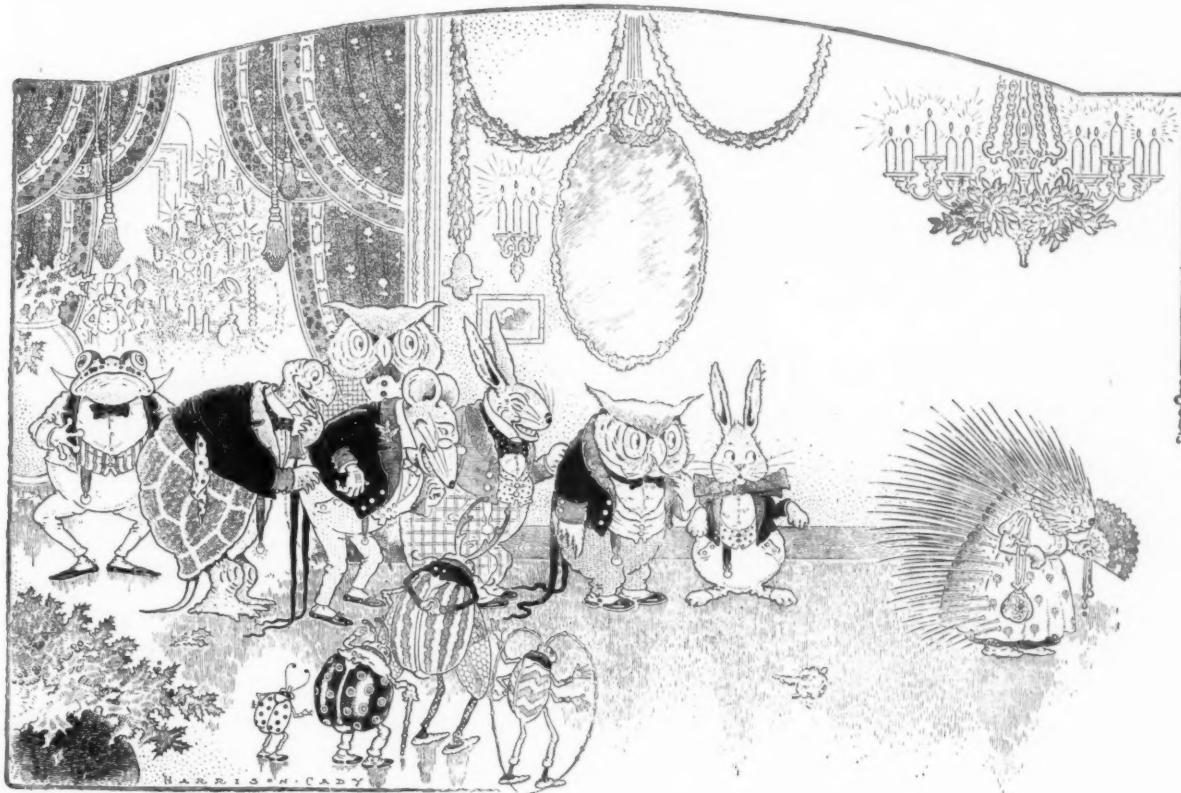
No dinner coats nor orchids here,
Nor polished silver glitters;
No bubbles gem the mugs of beer—
We skip Tokay and bitters;
But plunging in the pot au feu,
Where garlic flavors dribble,
We sip the nectared onion stew
And at the olives nibble.

Now comes the lamb—last of his herd;
Sedate despite the capers.
He substitutes the Christmas bird
While scant our dinner tapers.
Salad and cheese; like kings we dine,
No sweets our brains to addle;
Come on—let's pick the gowans fine,
And in the burn we'll paddle.

Our heads are gray but memories throng,
Again we feel life's glories;
Chanting once more the college song
And tell the same old stories.
For Auld Lang Syne still blooms the rose,
Fragrant through pipe and plenty;
We've rings and bells on hands and toes,
And that—for one and twenty!

Fate is a fiddler—life's a maze,
The measures leap and falter;
We live to-night—the music plays,
And here at gay youth's altar
To comrades that we loved—well met,
Across the Darker Ferry—
We'll take a cup of kindness yet
And keep the Christmas merry!

Kate Masterson.



Miss Porcupine: GOODNESS! IF THEY KEEP ME STANDING HERE MUCH LONGER I'LL BEGIN TO THINK THERE'S NOTHING IN THIS MISTLETOE BUSINESS AFTER ALL.



Why Burroughs Quit

A Dramatic Sketch

BY WILLIAM WALLACE WHITELOCK

Persons: MR. VAN MEYER, MRS. VAN MEYER, BURROUGHS, BUTLER.

SCENE: The morning-room of the van Meyers. Mrs. van Meyer, thirty-three, petite, blonde, discovered, in handsome afternoon dress, looking over a magazine beside tea-table.

MRS. VAN MEYER (*Tossing magazine aside*).—How stupid! There hasn't been anybody here for the last ten minutes. Why doesn't Neddy come home from the office? Men are such selfish brutes. Oh, dear! (*Smothers a yawn*). (*Enter Burroughs*.)

Ah, Burroughs! What time is it?

BURROUGHS (*Irreproachable and unapproachable*).—Twenty-three minutes and a half before six, madam.

MRS. VAN MEYER.—Oh, then, I needn't wait any longer, need I, Burroughs?

BURROUGHS.—Ahem! Perhaps it might be as well to wait a little longer. Last Thursday, you remember, Mrs. Gibson—

MRS. VAN MEYER.—Came in at six. That's right, Burroughs. I wish, though, I didn't have to wait any longer. How many ladies called this afternoon?

BURROUGHS.—Twenty-three, and Mrs. Shoemaker.

MRS. VAN MEYER.—Why do you count her separately?

BURROUGHS.—Ahem! perhaps she is not quite in madam's set.

MRS. VAN MEYER (*Smiling*).—Perhaps not, but she's determined she soon will be. Was there anything particular you wished to see me about, Burroughs?

BURROUGHS.—Perhaps madam would like to see the menu for the dinner tomorrow evening.

MRS. VAN MEYER.—Now, you know I never bother my head about such things, Burroughs.

BURROUGHS.—Or perhaps about the wine—

MRS. VAN MEYER.—Why do you suddenly come troubling me with these matters? You know I leave everything

to you. For ten years you've seen that we went to bed at the right time, got up at the right time, ate nothing that disagreed with us—it's been almost ten years, hasn't it, since you entered our service?

BURROUGHS.—Ten years to-day, madam.

MRS. VAN MEYER.—Oh! I must speak to Mr. van Meyer about it.

BURROUGHS.—Oh, I didn't mean that!

MRS. VAN MEYER.—Of course not, Burroughs. But when a butler has served one family as faithfully as you have—has become, as it were, a part of it, it is only proper that there should be some recognition of his fidelity.

BURROUGHS.—Madam is very kind. But perhaps—

MRS. VAN MEYER.—Yes, Burroughs, what is it?

BURROUGHS.—Madam must not think me ungrateful, but—ahem!—it is very difficult to say what I desire.

MRS. VAN MEYER.—Don't be afraid, Burroughs. You know I have only the kindest feelings for you.

BURROUGHS.—Precisely, that is what makes it so difficult. I was about to say that I find myself forced to inform madam of my intention—

(*Enter Mr. van Meyer, tall, distinguished-looking, faultlessly dressed. Burroughs makes a gesture of desperation and retires*.)

MRS. VAN MEYER.—Ah, Neddy, there you are! You naughty boy! Come sit down and have a cup of tea and tell me all about it. Ahem! good afternoon (archly).

MR. VAN MEYER (*Checking motion to sit down*).—Oh, good afternoon. How could I be so forgetful! (*kisses her*.)

MRS. VAN MEYER.—And now for our cup of tea and a nice chat all by ourselves.

MR. VAN MEYER.—No, no tea for me! It's too near dinner time. Besides, I'm all sticky and stuffy from the office. I'll dress for dinner first.

MRS. VAN MEYER (*Pouting*).—Now, there you are, horrid and nasty again. Why did you get all sticky and stuffy? Men never think of anybody but themselves.

MR. VAN MEYER.—Especially when they are working for some one else, heigh? But I thought somebody promised me to grow up and be a woman?

MRS. VAN MEYER.—Well, so I did. But, then, you always do something that makes it impossible, so it's your fault, after all. I know you walked home instead of taking the Subway and getting here as quick as you could. And I had so much to tell you.

MR. VAN MEYER.—For instance? Whom has Mrs. McReady been robbing of her character this time? Even if they caught her with the goods, they'd find only one character, anyway.

MRS. VAN MEYER.—Now, Neddy, don't be malicious. And just after our tin wedding, too. That reminds me! Burroughs has been with us ten years to-day.

MR. VAN MEYER.—No, is it possible? What would we do without Burroughs?

MRS. VAN MEYER.—What, indeed?

MR. VAN MEYER.—Our household would go to pieces.

MRS. VAN MEYER.—Life would not be worth living.

MR. VAN MEYER.—We shouldn't know whether it was summer or winter, whether to wear thick clothes or thin.

MRS. VAN MEYER.—Whom to invite and whom to leave out.

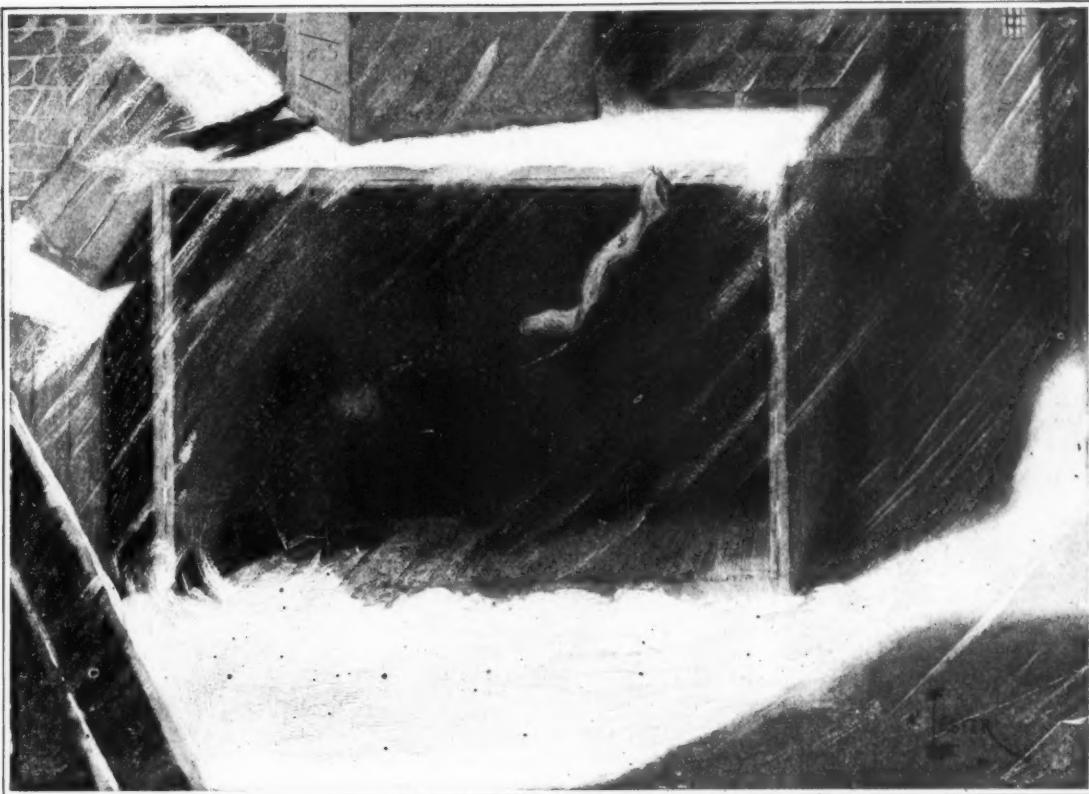
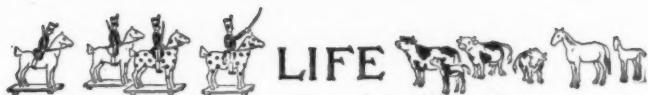
MR. VAN MEYER.—Where to go in summer and where not to go in winter.

MRS. VAN MEYER.—What bills to pay and what to leave unpaid.

MR. VAN MEYER.—Without Burroughs we shouldn't have any bills, as he makes them.

MRS. VAN MEYER.—Just see what it would mean to lose him.

MR. VAN MEYER.—The loss would be irreparable. Thank heavens, he hasn't any more thought of leaving than I



"HOPE SPRINGS ETERNAL."

have. You couldn't drive him away with a club.

(Enter Burroughs.)

BURROUGHS.—Did you ring, madam?

MRS. VAN MEYER.—No, Burroughs. But I'm glad you came in. I was just telling Mr. van Meyer that to-day is the tenth anniversary of your entering our service.

MR. VAN MEYER.—It will give me great pleasure to give you a check this evening, Burroughs.

BURROUGHS.—Ahem, sir! If you will allow me to explain. When you came in, sir, I was about to inform madam—

MR. VAN MEYER.—Yes, Burroughs?

BURROUGHS.—I was about to inform madam that I find myself forced to leave.

MR. VAN MEYER.—} Leave!
MRS. VAN MEYER.—}

BURROUGHS.—I regret to say I am thinking of making a change.

MRS. VAN MEYER.—You don't mean to say you are going to quit our service?

BURROUGHS.—I fear I shall have to, madam.

MRS. VAN MEYER.—But why, Burroughs? Haven't you always been treated with consideration?

BURROUGHS.—Oh! yes, madam!

MR. VAN MEYER.—Aren't your wages satisfactory? If I thought—

BURROUGHS.—Oh, sir, my conscience wouldn't allow me to take another cent.

MRS. VAN MEYER.—Has any one said anything to hurt your feelings?

MR. VAN MEYER.—Has your authority been curtailed in any respect?

BURROUGHS.—Never for one moment, sir.

MRS. VAN MEYER.—Then, what is the matter?

MR. VAN MEYER.—Yes, why do you want to leave?

BURROUGHS.—If you will excuse me, sir, I would rather not say.

MR. VAN MEYER.—But I insist.

MRS. VAN MEYER.—Yes, I insist.

BURROUGHS.—Ahem! I fear it will anger madam.

MRS. VAN MEYER.—Anger me?

BURROUGHS.—Yes, madam. But since Mr. van Meyer insists—

MR. VAN MEYER.—Yes, what is the reason?

BURROUGHS.—I regret, sir, but I am tired of madam's face.

MRS. VAN MEYER (With a *gasp*).—What?

BURROUGHS.—I hope madam will pardon me, but I am tired of her face.

MRS. VAN MEYER.—Well, if that isn't—How dare you say such a thing, sir?

MR. VAN MEYER.—Come, Burroughs, what do you mean?

BURROUGHS.—If you will pardon me, sir, madam is very pretty, but after ten years the prettiest face—you know



how it is, sir, yourself, as a married man.

MR. VAN MEYER.—Ahem! Continue, Burroughs.

MRS. VAN MEYER (*Near tears*).—A—are you going to sit calmly by and see me insulted, Neddy?

BURROUGHS.—Pardon, madam, but I spoke with the utmost respect.

MR. VAN MEYER.—Go on, Burroughs.

BURROUGHS.—I was about to observe, sir, that for ten years now I have stood behind your chair and have seen madam, and only madam, and no disrespect, sir, I feel that I need a change.

MR. VAN MEYER.—And that is the reason you are leaving?

BURROUGHS.—As a butler, sir, I feel that my usefulness is over when I can no longer gaze with pleasure upon the face of my mistress. Put yourself in my place, sir—

MR. VAN MEYER.—Ahem!

MRS. VAN MEYER (*In tears*).—Neddy, I thought you cared a little about me, but I see I was mistaken. Perhaps you would like to be leaving, too?

MR. VAN MEYER.—There, there, my dear. You don't seem to realize the difference between a husband and a butler. Had you another place in view, Burroughs?

BURROUGHS (*Hesitating*).—Yes, sir.

MRS. VAN MEYER.—With whom?

BURROUGHS.—With Mrs. Archibald, madam.

MRS. VAN MEYER.—Oh, the cat! And she was here this afternoon. If I had only known!

MR. VAN MEYER.—And you think you won't get tired of her face, Burroughs?

BURROUGHS.—Not for a while, sir, at all events.

MR. VAN MEYER.—I see.

MRS. VAN MEYER.—Neddy, you are a brute!

MR. VAN MEYER.—My dear, be reasonable. Think of what is at stake. And that is your only objection to your present place, Burroughs? There is nothing else with which you are dissatisfied?

BURROUGHS.—On the contrary, sir—

MR. VAN MEYER.—And you are not tired of my face?

BURROUGHS.—No, sir. You see, I stood behind your chair.

MR. VAN MEYER.—To be sure! Well, don't you thing you might achieve your object without leaving us, Burroughs, by simply shifting to Mrs. van Meyer's chair and gazing on my face in future? It would be a change, you know.

BURROUGHS.—I had thought of that, sir, but I hesitated to propose it.

MR. VAN MEYER.—Suppose I propose it, then?

BURROUGHS.—In that case it would be different, sir, of course.

MR. VAN MEYER.—And you, my dear?

MRS. VAN MEYER.—Oh! pray don't consider me! I don't count.

MR. VAN MEYER.—On the contrary, it is precisely because you count so much.—Well, then, we can consider the difficulty solved. In future, Burroughs, you will stand behind Mrs. van Meyer's chair and feast your eyes on my countenance—although I think you display very bad taste. Is that satisfactory?

BURROUGHS.—Perfectly, sir.

MR. VAN MEYER.—And to you, my dear?

MRS. VAN MEYER.—I—I suppose so.

MR. VAN MEYER.—Then everything is settled. Come to my study after dinner, Burroughs, for that little check I was speaking about. I trust I may have cause to give you many another on like occasion.

BURROUGHS.—Thank you, sir.

MR. VAN MEYER.—Don't mention it. But, oh, one word more, Burroughs. In case at any time you happen to get tired of my face, don't hesitate to shift back to my chair. You may change as often as you like, after this.

BURROUGHS.—Thank you, sir. You are very kind. And now, sir, I think dinner is served.



PUZZLE PICTURE

FIND THE BUNNIE THAT SAID "THERE IS NO SANTA CLAUS."

Higher Up

ALL life and all experience will show
In every situation that arises,
The pleasure that e'er has the warmest
glow
Must always be the one that tantalizes.

Upon the topmost bough, as you'll agree,
Are ranged the ripest and most tempting peaches;
And she who smiles the sweetest's sure
to be
The very doll who just beyond our
reach is.

But dolls and peaches only hang aloft,
(Behold the moral of my artless rhyming)
Blushing and blooming in their beauty soft
To tempt ambitious man to do some climbing.

Emma H. de Zouche,

The Average Man

THE average man ariseth in the morning, debateth within himself whether he shall take a bath or not, and decideth not. He arrayeth himself in a dozen different garments of varying thickness and uncomfortableness, and descendeth to the breakfast-table, where he hastily devoureth the headlines of the morning paper and a cup of coffee, which he gulpheth down.

He then draweth from his pocket a cigar, and having the night before firmly resolved never to smoke another before noon he biteth off the end and lighteth it up. He kisseth his wife as he passeth her in the hall and hurryeth off to the nearest transportation system, where he standeth up and readeth the remainder of the headlines.

He arriveth at his office and becometh absorbed in his mail. He worketh until noon, when he goeth out to a food dispensary. Here he meeteth other beings like himself, and they talk between gulps of stock, women, horses horse-racing and politics. He smoketh some more and still some more and skipeth back to the office where he grindeth until nightfall, when he proceedeth home.

He changeth his clothes to a funereal black and all the time curseth his luck that his wife hath the power to drag him off to a function.

At the dinner they talk about the servants (whispering between the courses), and about the people they will meet, and then proceedeth to the evening's entertainment, whatever it may be.

Some nights the man sneaketh off by himself and playeth poker or bridge with his best friends. He tryeth to get their money away from them and when he succeedeth he rejoiceth.

At midnight the man retireth, not knowing what he misseth, for he is thoroughly satisfied with himself and his own doings. The only thing that he regretteth is that he may have had to pass his time with his wife's silly acquaintances, when he might smoke and drink with his own.



Santa Claus: OH! I BEG YOUR PARDON, SIR. I THOUGHT YOU'D GONE HOME LONG AGO.

The Average Woman

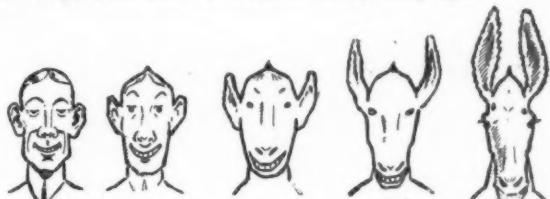
THE average woman slippeth out of bed in the morning and arrayeth herself in an armor that would have put any sixteenth century knight to the blush. She washeth her face and hands, and dabbeth herself with various chemicals, goeth down to the breakfast table, where she skimmeth over the advertisements in the paper, and hastily instructeth the cook what to do, she proceedeth to the scene of her operations whatever it may be. She shoppeth, or she gadeth, or she gossipeth. At noon she hurryeth back, when she putteth on another garment still more horrible and uncomfortable than the other, and starteth off once again. She meeteth various other women and they discusseth still other women that are not present. She indulgeth herself in all the latest fads, whatever they may be, during the day. But all the time she thinketh not.

She chattereth continually, but knoweth not.

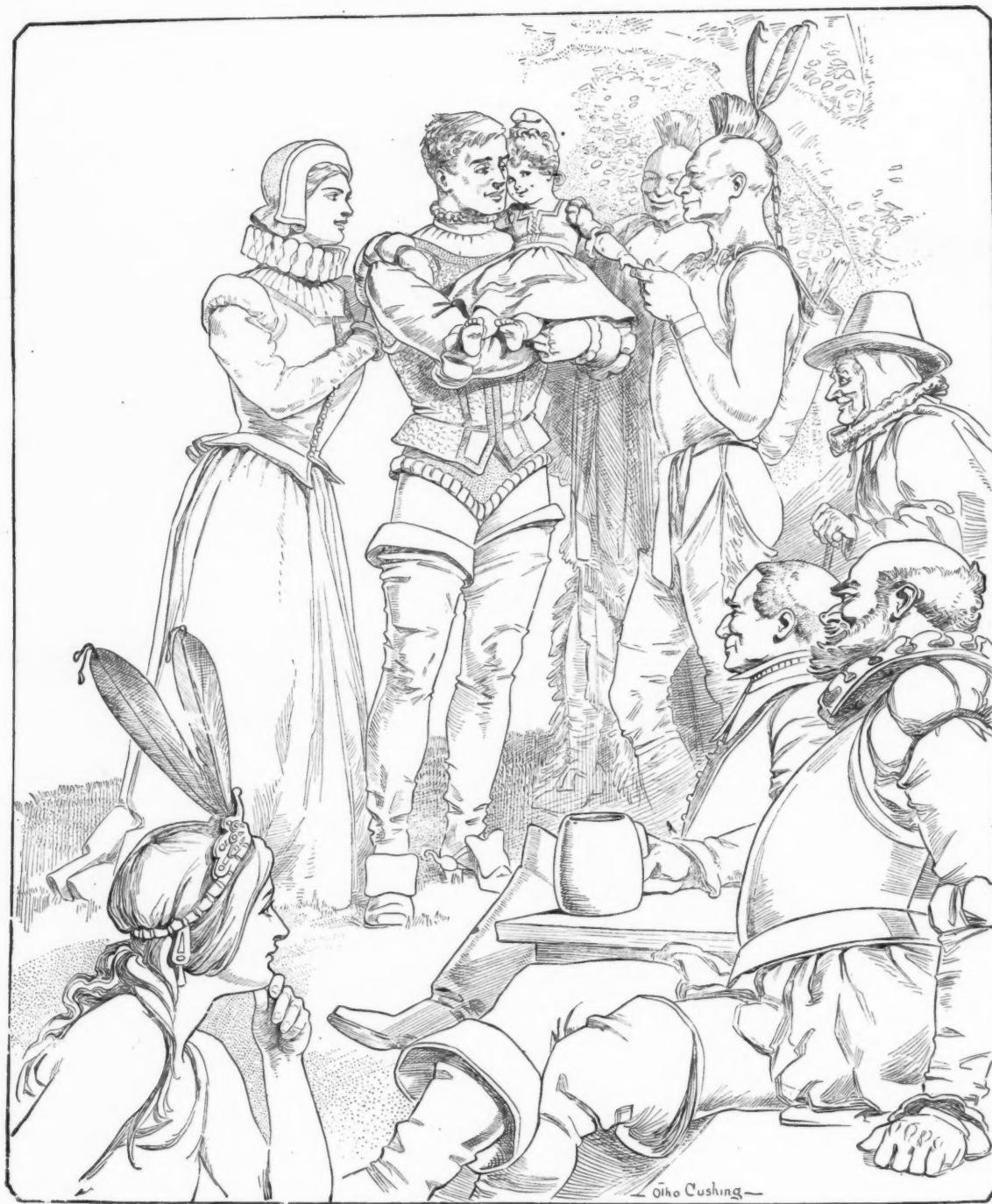
She displayeth on her person ornaments, and strange and grotesque animals, and careth not, except to make an impression.

By and by she windeth up at home where she greeteth her husband and swateth herself once again in less but much more highly expensive materials.

At midnight she also retireth. She sayeth her prayers and blesseth Jehovah that she liveth in an uplifting age.



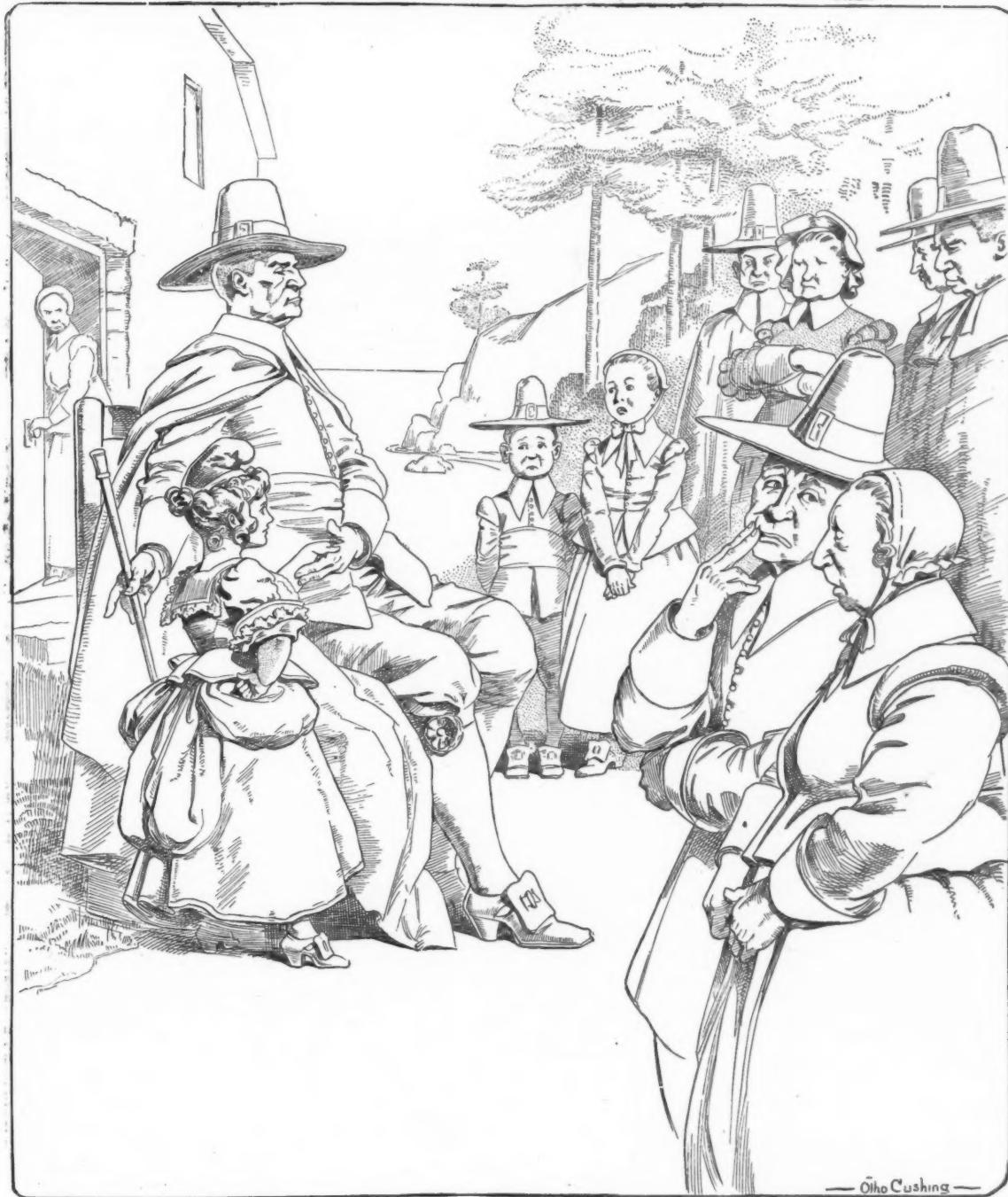
THE WAY BASHFUL JIMKINS SAYS HE FEELS DURING A FIVE-MINUTE CONVERSATION WITH THE GIRL HE ADORES



THE MEMOIRS OF COLUMBIA

No. 1

"MY NAME, LIBERTY, BETRAYS MY CAVALIER ANCESTRY. . . . I AM A VIRGINIAN. . . . MY EARLIEST RECOLLECTIONS ARE OF BEING SHOWN TO A LITTLE CROWD OF PEOPLE THAT INCLUDED CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH, POCOHONTAS AND OTHERS, AND, 'TIS SAID, MY DEMURE GLANCES OCCASIONED MUCH DIVERSION, CAPTAIN SMITH REMARKING 'THAT THE SMALL BAGGAGE HAD A MISCHIEVOUS EYE THAT WOULD CAUSE TROUBLE ANON.'"

THE MEMOIRS OF COLUMBIA
No. 2

"IN THE REIGN OF KING CHARLES (FIRST OF THE NAME) I WENT TO VISIT MY COUSINS, THE PURITANS OF THE NEW ENGLAND COLONIES. . . . I FOUND THEM A DOUR COMPANY, WHO REGARDED ME ASKANCE, AND UNDERSTOOD ME BUT LITTLE, CONSIDERING ME A FROWARD CHILD IN SORE NEED OF THE SCRIPTURAL ROD. . . . INDEED, UPON ONE OCCASION I BARELY ESCAPED BEING BURNT FOR A WITCH."



THE MEMOIRS OF COLUMBIA

No. 3

"MY RECEPTION BY PURITANS AND CATHOLICS AROUSED AN INTEREST IN ME THROUGHOUT THE LAND, EVEN THE DUTCH OF NEW AMSTERDAM ENTERTAINING ME—THO' PRIVATELY THROUGH FEAR OF THEIR GOVERNOR.

"AS 'TWAS, I TRIED CONCLUSIONS WITH OLD PIETER STUYVESANT, BOTH ON THE BOWLING GREEN AND IN POLITICAL DEBATE, AND HAD HIS HEAD NOT BEEN MORE WOODEN AND FIXED THAN HIS NINE-PIN LEG, I HAD EASILY BOWLED HIM OVER UPON HIS OWN PREMISES. . . ."



THE MEMOIRS OF COLUMBIA

No. 4

"THE PAPIST GENTRY OF MARYLAND, HOWBEIT I REPRESENTED THE NEW DOCTRINES, RECEIVED ME IN A BROADER SPIRIT THAN A RIGID ADHERENCE TO THE CREED OF ATHANASIUS COULD HAVE ALLOWED; IN FACT, MY LORD BALTIMORE AND HIS CHAPLAIN HUNG OVER ME AT DINNER WITH A SOLICITUDE THAT THE VATICAN MIGHT HAVE REPREHENDED AS 'LEANINGS TOWARD AMERICANISM,' HAD THE REPORT OF IT REACHED ROME."

(To be continued)

The Christmas Secret

By THOMAS L. MASSON

IT was a bright, crisp morning, just before Christmas, in the year 19—. Mrs. Santa Claus was standing before her cheval iceberg mirror, in the unpretentious but cosy apartment occupied by the Santa Clauses, trying on a new fur robe that her husband had just presented to her. Always, about this time of the year, he gave her something nice all for herself, and hitherto she had accepted it with unfeigned pleasure. But recently Mrs. Santa Claus had been reading in the *North Pole Yellow Borealis* (and other reprehensible journals that the hired help took) of the great number of divorces and marital troubles which were taking place, most of them apparently due to the men. The women, indeed, were all beautiful, and all wronged, and somehow the atmosphere of this troubous condition had been getting on Mrs. Santa Claus's nerves. So it happened that when her husband came bouncing in, in his usual jolly manner, she turned around, with a couple of hairpins in her mouth, and said:

"Well, I suppose you are up to the same old game this year?"

"What game, dear heart?"

"Well, I notice that you usually begin about the first of November to shut yourself up in your workshop, and then about this time you always make me a nice present—just to keep me good-natured, I suppose. But—"

She looked at him severely.

"I should like to know what you do every year when you go away one afternoon and stay over night."

Santa Claus slapped his hand on his thigh. After all their years of mutual confidence this seemed to him the best joke he had ever heard.

"I'll be eternally frappé!" he exclaimed. "You don't mean to say that you suspect me—after all this time? You know perfectly well what I do when I stay out over night."

"I know what you say you do, but how do I know it's the truth?"

Santa Claus didn't know that his wife had been reading the yellow journals and had therefore imbibed the idea that every woman was a blonde angel and every man a criminal, and so he was at a loss to understand her suspicions.

"This is a strange thing," he exclaimed. "Here for years and years I have been going out every Christmas eve pursuing my favorite hobby—a man must have some recreation, you know—of giving away toys, and now, without the slightest warning, you accuse me of deceiving you. Now, if I was really a gambler, or a dipsomaniac, or in the habit of sneaking off without your knowledge, it would be different; but to accuse me of deceiving you—this is too much."

"That's all right," said Mrs. Santa Claus, in a hard, cold, yellow-journal voice, "I've heard that kind of talk before—I mean I've read about it—and I don't take any stock in it. You are altogether too cheerful. Along about the first of December you are feeling altogether too good. Something is bound to happen when a man feels that way. And I notice when you come home the day after Christmas you are all tired out. Oh, you can't fool me."

Santa Claus, as was natural under these trying circumstances, almost went to pieces at this sudden attitude on his

wife's part. Not only did the injustice of it hurt him, but the thought of so much at stake made him lose for a moment his seat-possession.

"No such thing!" he exclaimed. "You don't know anything about it. I don't like to boast, but if you had the remotest conception of my fame, if you knew that I was the best-known character in the whole wide world, and all done without the slightest attempt at advertising, done, indeed, because I love my fellow-man—or, rather, boy—you wouldn't be so heartless with your suspicions. But it's always that way. No man is ever appreciated in his own home. I have only this to say, madam: You may think as you please; I must go out and to my work."

"Hold on! Wait a moment."

Mrs. Santa Claus turned on him almost savagely.

"What are you going to do?"

"I'm getting ready for my evening off, as usual."

"You are not going."

"Not going! Um! I guess I am."

"No, you are not—at least not as long as I am running this house. You must remember, my dear boy, that this is the age of woman, and if you think I am going to sit calmly by any longer and let you do as you please, you are very much mistaken."

"But," stammered Santa Claus, "those boys and girls! I simply can't disappoint them! It would be a terrible thing."

"You needn't worry. They won't be disappointed—that is, if what you say is true—if you haven't been deceiving me. And I shall soon know. You can hitch up those reindeer and I'll go myself!"

"What! Take my place? Climb down chimneys, slide over roofs?"

"That's all right. There isn't anything a man can do that a woman can't. Where's your route?"

She grabbed out of his upper pocket a paper and flourished it over him.

"I'll find out whether you are telling me the truth or not!" she exclaimed. "I'll go to these places mentioned here and, in the meantime, you can be loading up for me, and prepare to stay home and do all the housework while I'm gone!"

And Santa Claus, as he went out to the stable, dropped a frozen tear on the hard snow finish and sighing softly to himself said:

"I'm innocent, all right, but what will happen to all my old friends. How can any woman cover so much ground in one night in a hobble skirt?"

Late on Christmas morning he was disconsolately sitting in front of the garage, shaking out some iceland moss, when a familiar tinkle in the distance caused him to look hurriedly up. Mrs. Santa Claus got out of an empty sleigh and, coming over, kissed him gingerly on his glowing cheek.

"Well, my dear," he said, "you see that I am not the villain that you thought. Didn't I tell you the truth? And how did you get on? Everything gone? Everybody satisfied?"

Mrs. Santa Claus pulled out a silver cigarette case and nonchalantly lighted a cigarette.

"I suppose I might as well tell you the truth," she said.



Mrs. Santa Claus: DEAR, DEAR! YOU ARE ONLY A HUGE JOKE.

"Now, I was not the one who was deceived, but you were—you are!"

"What do you mean?"

"It's really amusing—and in a man of your years, too! And you think that you are doing some good! Well, it didn't take a woman of my discernment long to find out the truth. You don't know, do you, that nobody believes in you?"

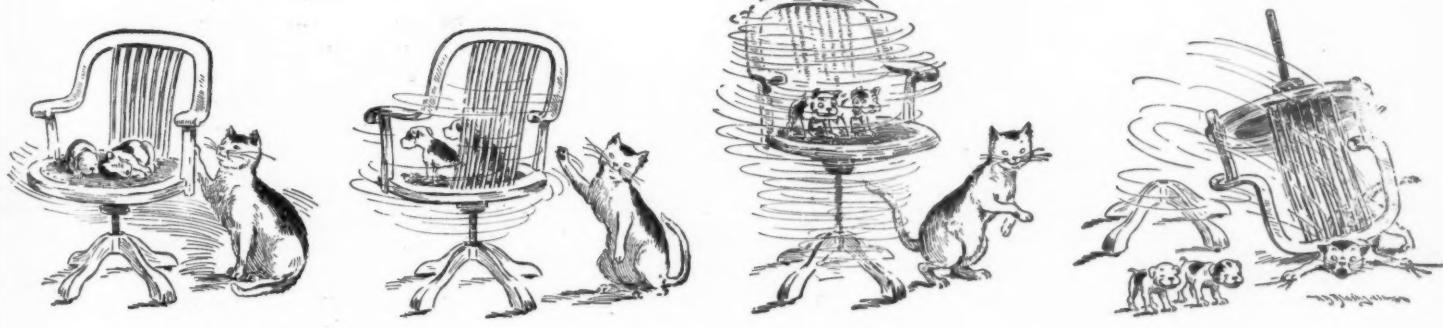
"Nobody believes in me!"

"Yes! Being a stupid man, you have come to think you are a kind of saint, and that you are making folks happy. Nonsense! Why, under their sleeves they laugh at you. The children tolerate the idea of you good-naturedly and smile discreetly when you are mentioned. Why, most of the chimney-pieces were decorated before I came. Think of it! And they caricature you in the street by imitating your make-up! Dear, dear! You are only a huge joke. I hate to see a man making a fool of himself, but I suppose you will go on doing

it as long as you live. And now I must go in and get a bite to eat." She disappeared through the tesselated igloo and for a long time Santa Claus sat watching the Northern Lights playing hide-and-seek on the distant horizon. His pet polar bear, in a fit of some subtle, innate animal sympathy, came up and rubbed his nose against the old man's stomach—that famous stomach—the herald of all the ages.

Then Santa Claus, bracing up stolidly and throwing out his chest, the old twinkle resumed, for you can't keep a good Santa Claus down for long, said to the bear:

"So the old lady thinks I am deceived! Well, I am—by nine-tenths of them. But here and there in the vast crowd is a rare soul who still keeps faith with me, who knows that if there is any reality at all I am, who understands me, enters into my spirit and whom I would not disappoint for worlds. *That* is my recompense for being such a joke to all the rest of them. And she—and she—she will never know—being a woman!"



HE LAUGHS BEST

WHO

LAUGHS

LAST!



AS IT APPEARS TO SOME

Christmas at the Zoo

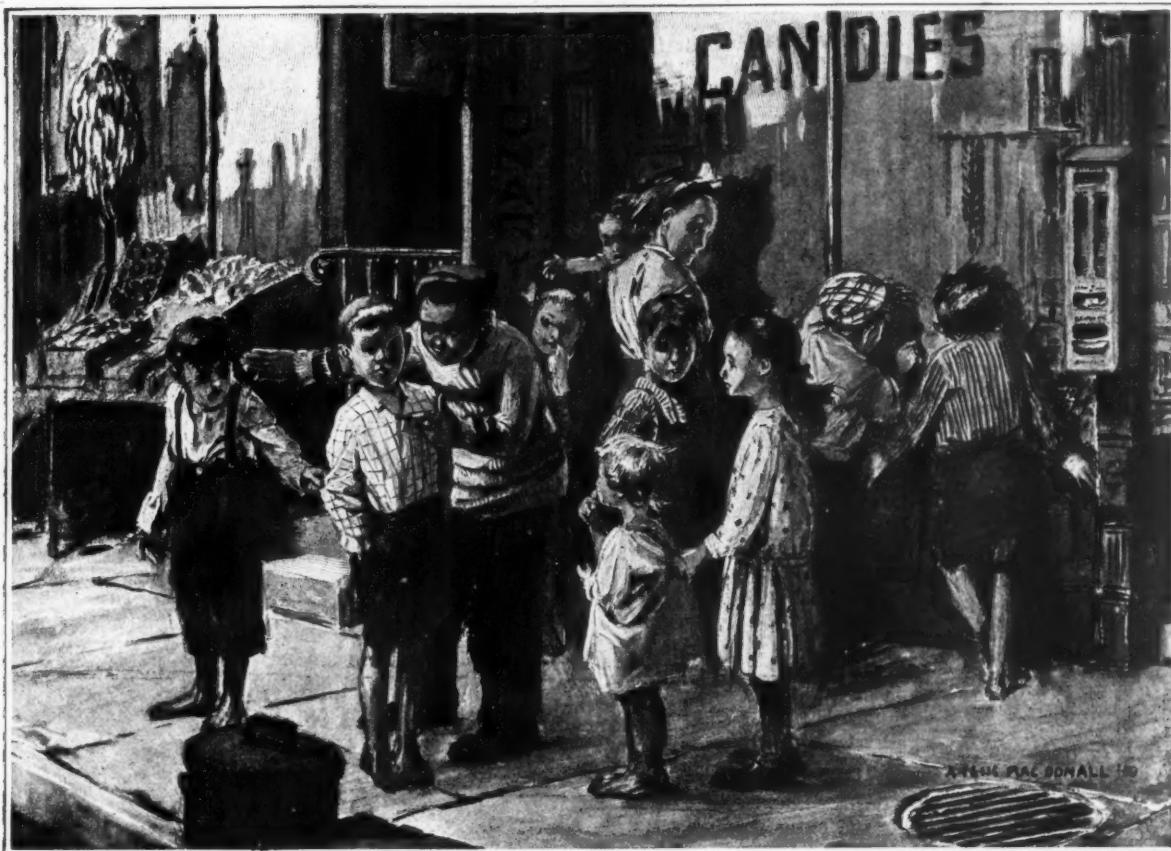
THE Zoo enjoyed a Christmas spree,
With presents on a dogwood tree;
I can't record them all.
The Mole, an elegant lorgnette,
Beaver, an excavating set,
The Hare, some side-combs small.

The Pig, a stylish fountain pen,
A dainty hatchet, every Hen,
A butter dish, the Goat,
The Lynx, a compound microscope,
The Elephant, a trunk of soap,
The kind they say will float.

A lovely bathing suit, the Frog,
A new supply of pants, the Dog,
(He used his up last summer),
Ten yards of neckties, the Giraffe,
The Parrot green, a phonograph,
(They hoped 'twould make her dumber!)

The Owl, Minerva's queenly head,
The Sloth, a mammoth feather-bed,
Muskrat, perfumery,
A monkey-wrench, the Monkey gay,
For opening cocoanuts, they say,
Pansies, the Chimpanzee.

Camilla J. Knight.



HE FOUND A PENNY

How the Cities Help the Country

WHAT are the cities doing for the country?
A good deal.

They are bettering the standard of living, not necessarily increasing its cost, but raising it in wholesomeness, beauty, variety and satisfaction.

There is overmuch feeling that the cities are sucking the life out of the rural districts, drawing population and money from them and giving very little back. Not so. They give back a great deal and are likely to give more and more. They are the great centres of stimulation. They radiate energy. They are schools for the eye and the imagination as well as for the mind.

The American cities of which the census returns have just been coming in, are not only remarkable for their growth in population but astonishing in their growth in beauty and their command of what goes to make life wholesome and interesting for the mass of their people. Their buildings of the last ten years are far and away comelier and better than have been produced in any ten years of building that the country ever saw before. There has never been in this country in the same space of time such an advance in taste and beauty of architectural construction as in the last decade. Whatever the greatest and most prosperous cities get in these

times, all the cities get their share of. Whatever the cities get, the country in due time gets its share of. Architecture improves not only in New York and Chicago, but wherever brick is piled on brick or stone on stone or board nailed to beam. So with medical knowledge, sanitation, every kind of manufacture, every improvement in the art of living, every gain in knowledge. These things come first to the cities, which are the human laboratories, but in the end the whole of society benefits.

Moreover, nowadays, the rural districts draw, in various details, on the wealth of the cities. Cities are taxed to build country roads and to pay for rural delivery. Telephones, trolley roads, electric light and electric power stretch out of them far into the surrounding country. They attract from the country its surplus population, leaving the profits of farming to be divided by fewer persons. The farms provide food and folks. The cities have an insatiable appetite for both and give shows, ideas, manufactured articles, newspapers and money in return for them. In this time and country and with modern methods of communication and transportation the growth of the cities means not worse times for the country but better; not more isolation but less. Whenever the country population gets really too sparse the cities have got to replenish it. They cannot refuse and will not. The price of food will take care of that.



BEETLEBURGH DOES ITS CHRISTMAS SHOPPING



NOTHING TO DO BUT GRIN AND BEAR IT



TO HIM THAT HATH SHALL BE GIVEN

Hire Education

WHAT is a college, papa?"

"A college, Pauline, is a cross between a country club and an orphan asylum."

"Then why do such nice boys go there, papa?"

"Because rich boys from sixteen to twenty are too old to be spanked and not old enough to reason."

"Do they learn to reason in college?"

"Not if the reverend professors can help it, daughter."

"Then why do they go?"

"They go to be got rid of, because they would misbehave at home."

"Don't they misbehave at college, then?"

"Well, yes; but their parents don't know about it, unless they go to the football games or read the police reports."

"But don't their parents teach them morals, papa?"

"Nay, nay, Pauline; it's cheaper to get it done by hired professors."

"Do the professors know all about morals?"

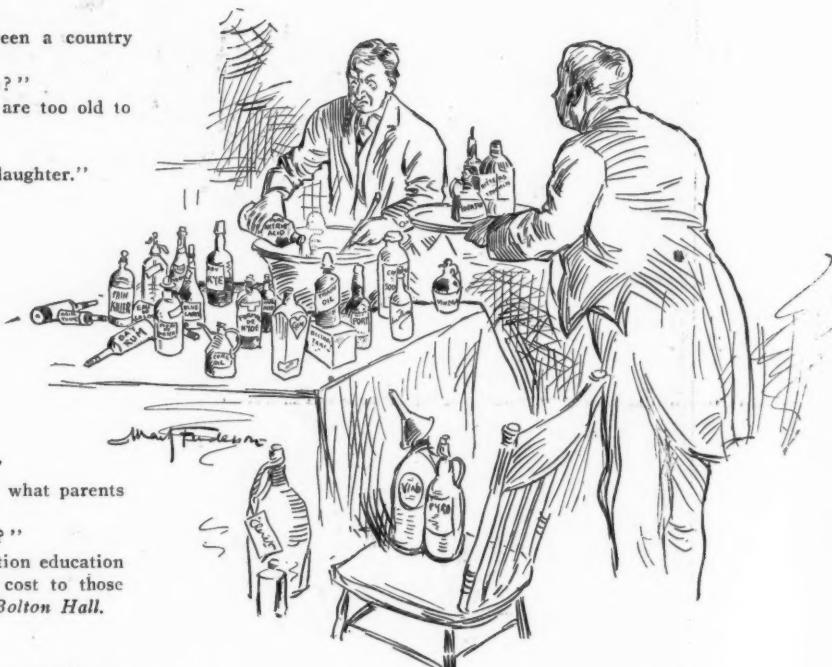
"Not at all, my dear; but they know exactly what parents expect them to say."

"Is that what makes a complete curriculum?"

"No, dear, a complete curriculum is an imitation education furnished by endowed institutions at less than cost to those who are best able to pay for it."

Bolton Hall.

LITTLE GEORGE: O mother, I made a fine swap with one of the fellows who goes to school! I've traded my mouth-organ for a spelling paper marked a hundred!



MAKING THAT CHRISTMAS PUNCH
JUDGING BY OUR FEELINGS THE MORNING AFTER

The Christmas Magazine

I KNOW ere I glance at the cover
It's something like this:
A holiday lass and her lover,
A mistletoe kiss,
A tender Madonna appearing
With heavenly train,
Or Santa Claus gallantly steering
An aeroplane.

There's surely a Christmas narration
Of lost people found,
Or, say, of a glad celebration,
Of lovers snowbound,
Of some one whose Christmas emotions
Unbuckle his purse,
And, heaven deliver us!—oceans
Of Christmas-tide verse.

When all of the editors slumber
(And lots of 'em do),
I'll get up a Holiday Number
To show 'em a few!
The cover shall blossom with roses
To blizzards immune;
Each page as it gently uncloses
Shall murmur of June.

As warm as the Panama Isthmus,
As mellow with sun,
It shan't have a word about Christmas—
Not ever a one.
And—no one will buy it, or heed it
On table or shelf;
The fact is, I doubt if I'd read it
Myself. *Arthur Guiterman.*



BRINGING IN THE BOAR'S HEAD

The Spoiled Child



THE spoiled child is a product of our more modern civilization. He came in shortly after the civil war and he seems to be here to stay.

Spoiling a child is often a difficult process. He may be of splendid material to start with—enduring, tough as a nut, with the right moral fibre. But by keeping at it day and night he can be soon spoiled, provided the parents have their heart in their work—as they usually have.

One of the best things with which to spoil a child is money. Get as much money, therefore, as you conveniently can.

With plenty of money you can provide for your child's future. In nine cases out of ten every child whose future is provided for is spoiled already. If this can be done promptly, therefore, no parent ought to feel worried.

There are various other ways of spoiling a child which are a great help.

Threaten to punish him and then let him off. Occasionally get so mad that you can't stand it and then punish him unjustly.

Put him on an allowance and ridicule him if he doesn't exceed it. This will bring him around to your view. Nothing so potent as ridicule.

Show him off to visitors. They may not care to be entertained in this manner, but remember that spoiling your child is much more important than their comfort.

Get him into the habit of having things charged to you.

Argue before him as to how he ought to be treated. This makes conversation and shows him both sides.

Live in a hotel.

Take him with you on your travels. This will broaden his mind, stimulate his ambition and will give him a properly inflated idea as to the things he can do without first having the power to do them.

There is a growing tendency among some parents to make a conscious effort to spoil their children. They are constantly thinking up new ways. This is a great tax on their time and ingenuity.

Now the more natural way is to let the children alone. Assuming that you can provide him with sufficient money, every child can be expected in course of time to spoil himself, without the aid or consent of any favored individual.



The Curse

ALTHOUGH there was a chill in the air the city park was bright and sunny. The birds chattered ceaselessly. Pedestrians hurried by. A hand-organ in the distance gave to the scene a touch of musical color.

On one of the benches sat a man and a woman. They sat apart from each other. That is, in the outward conventional sense, they did not belong to each other. In another sense, as being one of that vast throng in the under world, they did belong to each other.

The woman was wofully shabby, albeit there were still glimmers of a long-past beauty in her face. The man was almost blear-eyed. There was a stolidity about his face, a calmness, a kind of disreputable placidity that went with his class.

The man, who had been reading part of a torn paper, turned and looked toward the woman, who had been sitting silently, her chapped hands folded across her lap. He rubbed his hand across his face.

"Paper?" he said politely, offering her the sheet. She shook her head.

"For them that wants it," she muttered. "I never read them myself. I'd rather sit."

"You haven't traveled much," said the man. "Those who travel like to read the news."

"No, sir."

"I've just been the rounds through the Middle States—back by way of Chicago. Rotten place, Chicago. Country for me. What's your line?"

The woman continued her fixed gaze.

"Nothing," she said briefly. "I reach for seads when I have to, but I don't like it—it's lowering."

"So it is that. I've done it myself, but it's distasteful to me. Have you dined?"

"No."

There was a slight touch of old-time gallantry about him as he continued:

"I have two bits about me. Will you join me at dinner?"

She turned upon him a cold, fish-like eye.

"No," she said abruptly, "I'm waiting for the sun to go down."

"For what?"

She jerked her hand toward the river. He twisted his thumb, pointed downward, then made a comic motion, as if he were swimming. The woman nodded.

There was a considerable silence.

The man lazily took one leg from

across the other, then moved the other across the first. Then he filled from the recesses of his pocket a short, stubby black pipe. He puffed.

Suddenly he raised his hand, motioned to the woman and pointed across the park to a figure that was passing along. This figure belonged to a man of medium height, clad in a frock coat topped by a silk hat.

"There goes the richest man in the world," he croaked.

The woman raised her eyes.

"Him?"

"Yes, that's him."

They watched the frock coat as it slipped along, its owner unobserved except by them. The owner of the frock coat drew from his pocket a handkerchief. As he did so a small object fluttered out and fell to the ground. The man on the bench saw it. So did the woman. Both pairs of eyes had been trained in a hard school to notice such things.

"He dropped something," said the woman.

"So I saw," said the man. "In a moment I will get it."

He waited until the frock coat had disappeared beyond the distant curb. Then he moved forward stealthily, picked it up carelessly and made his way back to the bench.

"What was it?" she asked.

"Filthy lucre."

He handed it to her—a roll. She took it apart with her seared fingers. The roll contained six one-hundred-dollar bills.

"I'll divvy with you," she whispered, looking stealthily about.

The man smiled.

"Nothing of the sort. Take it all. I don't want it."

The small red cross on her left temple—a bad scar—came out vividly.

"What!" she exclaimed. "You don't want it?"

"No. I had it once."

He smiled cynically.

"I've outgrown it," he said. "It's a curse. A useless thing. We ache for it, and when we get it it burns us up. I had the disease and got over it. Having nothing, I want for nothing. With you it's different, maybe. You had an engagement with Neptune, I believe. Well, this will save you. Take it all. But we'd better skip."

They both rose. The woman clutched the roll.

"Thanks," she muttered, her face transformed.

"Don't mention it."

He lifted his remnant of a hat politely as they parted.

* * * * *

It was one month later. On the park bench sat the same man. He was alone. His face, meditative and serene, looked out upon the flock of sparrows chattering and fighting. Then he stooped and, as if by habit, picked up the remnant of an afternoon paper that lay on the ground.

He turned it over and looked at the headline.

A RIVER MYSTERY

"FLASHILY DRESSED WOMAN WITH SCAR ON LEFT TEMPLE FOUND—"

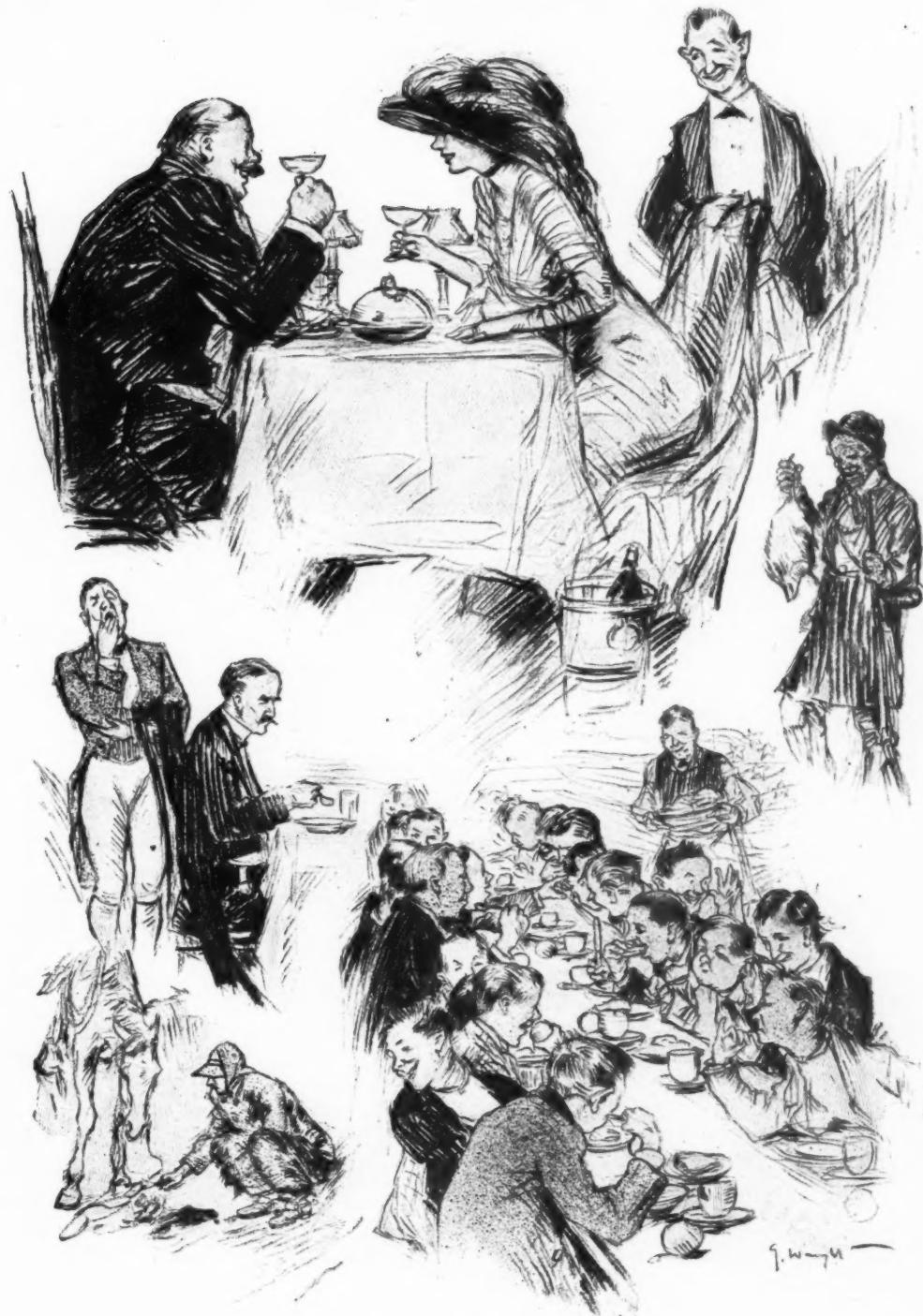
The man put the paper down, took out his pipe, filled and lighted it once more, crossed and recrossed his legs.

"Um," he said to himself, as he puffed meditatively. "I guess maybe I was right, after all."

Chesterton Todd.



NEVER PUT A GIFT CIGAR IN THE MOUTH



SOME CHRISTMAS DINNERS



Why Not Revive the Home?

THERE is a tradition among us that at one time we had an institution called a home, and while the purpose of this institution is not plain in all of its details, enough is known about it to make us question whether it might not be desirable to look into the matter and ascertain if, after all, we have not something to learn from our forefathers.

So far as can be learned the object of the home was to provide a place of refuge. It also had a certain permanency. Strange as it may seem, families were known to occupy the same home for two generations or more. In certain parts of the country there are ruins which, if we could trace their history, would be found to have been occupied by as many as three generations.

The home was apparently a place that was occupied by an individual called a "mother." The exact uses of "mother" are shrouded in darkness, but enough is known about her to give us the belief that she served a useful purpose. The children came to her when in trouble and put their heads on her lap and were comforted. We get this glimmering from folk-songs that have been handed down. The idea now seems absurd, of course, but may it not have a psychological mean-

ing that it would be well for us to examine critically? Sometimes great discoveries have been made through an apparently ridiculous origin.

It has been ascertained that home was usually some sort of a building, much the same as our hotels or cottages to-day, which we use as sleeping places between automobile and aeroplane rides and visits to summer and winter resorts. But it was never occupied by more than one family, which gives it an unusual historic interest.

Strange as it may seem the home was used as a means of educating the young. They were taught politeness and the rudiments of arithmetic. Each person in the home apparently had some sort of duty to fulfill to all of the others. It is believed—although this cannot be proved—that those people who lived in a home loved it. It is probable that they must have had some sort of an attachment for it, otherwise it would not have persisted so long.

The idea of having a single dwelling, where children are raised under one roof and kept by themselves in a group called a family, and where they have opportunities for self-education and for a certain seclusion, seems to us rather good. At any rate, we can conceive of no harm in trying the experiment. A few homes might be created and kept going for a couple of generations and the results carefully noted by our government experts.

If there is anything in it then the experiment might be conducted on a larger scale.

Perhaps the Rockefeller foundation might be induced to advance the money. They would have, however, to be protected, otherwise there would be such multitudes to view this interesting experiment that their object might be frustrated.

The Social Problem

THE problems of individuals are as varied as the individuals themselves, but the problem of society is always the same—to escape the blame for and the evil results of its individual derelicts.

Sometimes individuals can, if they wish, escape society, but society can never escape individuals. If things go wrong society has to stay right on the job and face the music. It cannot put itself in solitary confinement. It cannot hide itself to a wilderness or to a foreign clime or to a cloister. If society has been so foolish as to allow its children to grow up criminals it cannot get rid of them for at least a generation. It may put the criminals in jail or leave them at large, but it still has them. So with illiterates and those who are unnecessarily diseased.

An individual may get away from the slums, but society cannot, except by getting the slums away.

An Unnecessary Expense

THE MOTHER: Now that Tillie is going to the young ladies' seminary she needs a new wardrobe.

THE FATHER: How much?

"Oh, a couple of thousand."

"Um. Don't educate her. No one will know the difference."

HOBBLE, and the world hobbles with you.
Wear tights, and you go with the chorus.



AN X-RAY OF UNCLE JOHN'S HEAD JUST BEFORE CHRISTMAS



"WONDERFUL HOW SOME OF THESE CHRISTMAS PRESENTS TRAVEL. THIS ONE HAS BEEN GOING THE ROUNDS FOR TWELVE YEARS."

Why Not Semiannually?

CHRISTMAS comes but once a year. That's what we have all been taught, and it seems to be true. But why should it be true? Is it not merely another glaring instance of how a civilized nation may be ruled by a petty tradition?

That Christmas should come at least twice a year is too obvious for argument. The chief trouble with Christmas is not only that we have too much of it at one time, but also that it is monotonous because it always comes at the same season of the year.

It would, of course, be too violent a revolution to have Christmas once a month, but we should not forget that this is an instalment age and some form of giving presents on the dollar-down-and-dollar-a-month plan must ultimately be found.

Think of the possibilities of having a Christmas in August. Santa Claus could then take in Atlantic City at the height of the season, which would improve his culture as well as his

health. We would then have an outdoor Christmas and an indoor Christmas. The iceman could participate as well as the coal man; the cotton man as well as the woolen man; the screen-door man as well as the storm-door man.

Thus, in the course of a year, every variety of tradesman would have its just participation. Among the many handsome and appropriate presents which could be selected for the mid-summer Christmas we suggest window screens, flypaper, garden hose, ice cream freezers, bathing suits, portable shower baths and mosquito salve.

Ellis O. Jones.

Just the Thing

WILLIE: Here's a sign I got from the post-office.
 MRS. SLIMSON: Why, Willie! What do you mean?
 It's the sign "For Transients." You just take it right back.
 "I thought you might like to hang it up in your kitchen."

BOOKS LIFE



E. Lissner

A Christmas

LIFE IS A JOURNEY



A Christmas Story



The Tramp: SEE HERE! AIN'T YE GOT NO BETTER MANNERS THAN TO ENTER A GEN'L'MAN'S SLEEPIN' APARTMENT WITHOUT KNOCKIN'?

The Sunday Symposium

A MODERN INSTANCE

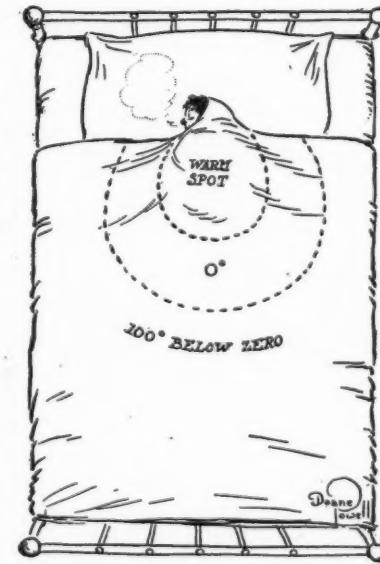
THE time was 12 p. m.
The Place was the Lester Lorimers'.
And the Occasion was a Sunday Symposium.
The drawing-rooms were full of men and women.
The men and women were full of conversation.
And the conversation was full of egotism.
A Man and a Woman sat in the corner.
First they looked at the people.
Then they looked at each other.
And finally they spoke.
"Good Lord!" said the Man.
"Me too!" said the Woman.
"I never!" said the Man.
"Neither did I!" said the Woman.
"It is the limit!" said the Man.
"I hope so!" said the Woman.
"Never saw such people!" said the Man.
"Never heard such people!" said the Woman.
"Didn't know they existed!" said the Man.
"Didn't know it themselves!" said the Woman.

"Can't imagine where they came from!" said the Man.
"Can't imagine where they'll all go to!" said the Woman.
"They look like monkeys!" said the Man.
"They talk like parrots!" said the Woman.
"Is it the Darwinian Theory?" said the Man.
"Or Prenatal Influence?" said the Woman.
"It must be the Artistic Temperament!" said the Man.
"Well, let it go at that!" said the Woman.
"Wish that *they* would go at that!" said the Man.
"They will—by and by!" said the Woman.
"And this is a Sunday Symposium!" said the Man.
"It is almost a Monday Symposium!" said the Woman.
"I can hardly stay awake!" said the Man.
"I can hardly go to sleep!" said the Woman.
"The whole thing seems to me like a dream!" said the Man.

"The whole thing seems to me like a nightmare!" said the Woman.
"Will it be over soon?" said the Man.
"One can never tell!" said the Woman.
"What more could happen?" said the Man.

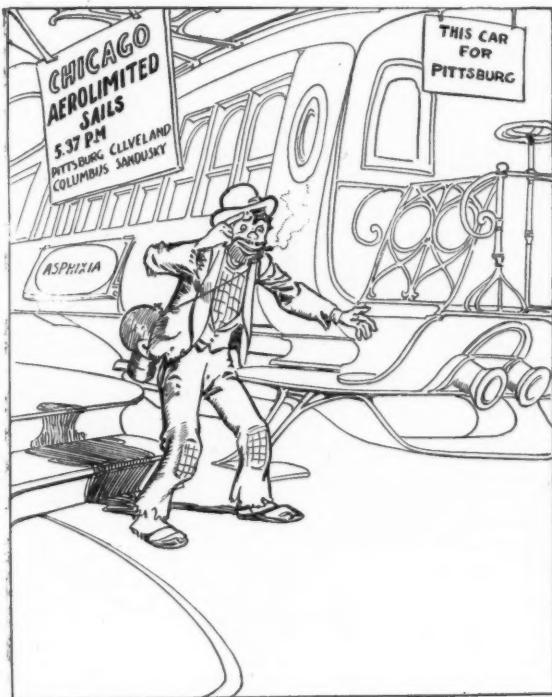
"The unexpected!" said the Woman.
"For instance?" said the Man.
"The Singer might sing!" said the Woman.
"Ye gods!" said the Man.
"And the Dancer might dance!" said the Woman.
"Ye goddesses!" said the Man.
"The Elocutionist might elocute!" said the Woman.
"Say not so!" said the Man.
"And the Suffragette might suffer!" said the Woman.
"Perish the thought!" said the Man.
"That would really be more than I could stand for!" said the Woman.
"And it would be more than I could sit through!" said the Man.
"Even a worm will turn!" said the Woman.

"And even people in glass houses will throw stones!" said the Man.
"Oh, joy!" said the Woman.
"Oh, hope!" said the Man.
"Someone is getting up to go!" said the Woman.
"Everyone is getting up to go!" said the Man.
"Hip, hip—" said the Woman.
"Hooray!" said the Man.
The Man was the Host.
The Woman was the Hostess.

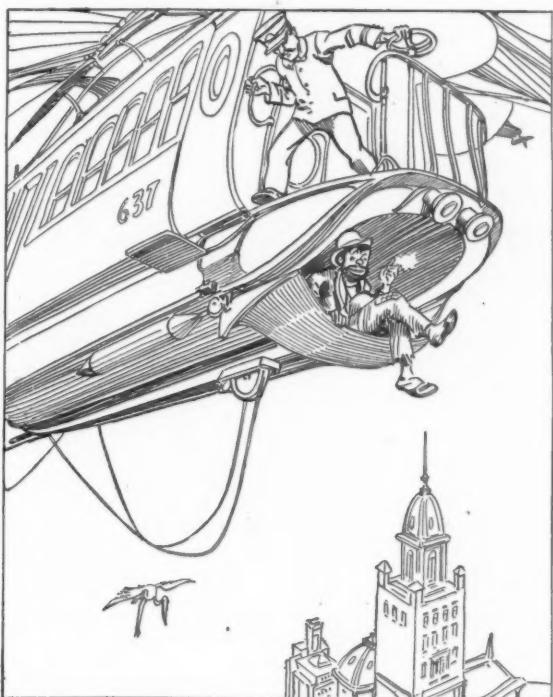


"WEATHER MAP OF BILLY'S BED."

A Bird in the Air is Worth Two on the Ground



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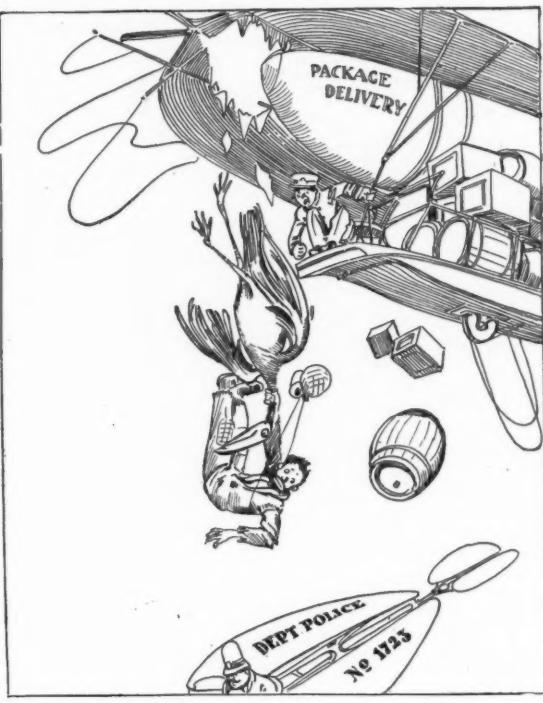
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8

Baby

After George Macdonald—Fifty Years After

WHERE did you come from, baby dear?
Consult any good work on biology.

Where did you get those eyes so blue?
They are inherited from great-uncle Peter; the family eye is brown.

What makes the light in them sparkle and spin?
The refraction of waves of ether through transparent lenses.

Where did you get that little tear?
Certain emotions, most of which I have experienced, act automatically through the sensory nerves upon the tear glands.

What makes your forehead so smooth and high?
Its smoothness is pathological; and it is high because my new hair has had little time to grow as yet.

What makes your cheek like a warm white rose?
Poetic license, probably. Everyone else says, "How red he is!"

Whence that three-cornered smile of bliss?
Wind.

Where did you get this pearly ear?
Heavens! Is my ear pearly? I haven't seen it, but it must be some horrid malformation.



9



"SOUNDS GOOD TO ME."

Where did you get those arms and hands?
Anatomy covers all that.

Feet, whence did you come, you darling things?
See previous answer.

How did they all just come to be you?
Evolution and psychology offer what there is to be said on the subject of individual identity.

But how did you come to us, you dear?
The whole thing is a matter of creation. The truth about it lies somewhere between Genesis II, and modern scientific research.

Washington—The Nation's Capital

WASHINGTON consists of a large number of magnificent architectural buildings almost entirely surrounded by coons.

At one end of Pennsylvania Avenue is the Capitol. The pressure, by the way, is furnished by every State in the union.

The Capitol started a long time ago as an oratorical debating club. It is now used to shelter Congressmen from an income tax.

The Smithsonian Institution has everything in it but a stuffed African lion and a bound copy of the *Outlook*. But it is understood that these will be supplied soon.

The Bureau of Engraving and Printing is running eight hours a day, making money for John D. Rockefeller, E. H. Harriman, Andrew Carnegie and a few other well-known collectors.

Other buildings of interest in Washington are the United States Treasury, a branch office of Wall Street; the Army and Navy buildings, where cruises around the world are planned and brigadier-generals are made out of doctors and promising clerks; the Dead Letter Office, where the classics are kept; and the Agricultural Department, from which place our suburbs are supplied with watermelon seeds.



JUST WHAT HE WANTED FOR CHRISTMAS

Chinese Proverbs

WHEN Monkeys fight they scatter dirt;
When Tigers battle one gets hurt.

Each Sect has still its Truth, though many shame it,
And every Truth a Prophet to proclaim it.

My Heart is like the Racehorse on the plain—
Right easy letting go, but hard to rein.

He faints; your Fowl, well-cooked, would soon restore him;
Ask not your Guest if you may kill it for him!

Fish see the Bait alone; and is it stranger
That Men should see the Profit, not the Danger?

In babbling, gorging food or quenching drouth,
All Mischief comes through Opening the Mouth.

Oh, when the Whale is floundering in the Shoal
How all the Minnows laugh to see him roll!

Your arm is broken? Do not grieve
Aloud, but hide it in your sleeve.

Durable

WHAT kind of Christmas presents does Balder give?"
"Excellent. Why, some of those he gave ten years ago are still going the rounds as bridge prizes."

Tribute

WHO makes us laugh—forgetting woe,
As over toilsome path we go—
Thus lightening burdens weighing down.
Poor mortal man, deserves a crown.
When troubles grim, or carping care,
Come stalking forth from darksome lair,
With courage high, and dauntless air
He thrusts them back, and holds them there;
While ever from his curving lip
Trip humorous words, or merry quip.
Tribute I pay, with reverence due,
To him who guides to sunshine true.
Life is too dark with clouds, by half,
God bless the man who makes us laugh.
Annette Lavery.

Intensest Yearning

DO you want a knife for Christmas
very much, Tommie?"
"I want it so much, mother, that I'm
even willing to write a note of thanks
for it."



Young Mrs. Rabbit: YES, HE'S GOOD-LOOKING, AND HIS NOSE
IS PERFECTLY ADORABLE

The Christmas Poem Remembers

HOW well do I remember the day when I was born.
The time was middle summer, on a sizzling July morn:
The place the back piazza of a cottage by the sea,
Where lounging in a hammock, wearing negligee, stretched he,
The author of my being—he who made me what I am—
A summer song of Xmas, (paradox plus epigram).
Upon a mission tabouret contiguous, was laid
Convenient to his elbow, a large jug of lemonade.

I lay at first a Notion vague, a faint and fluid germ,
Deep down in Mind Subconscious. (Note the psychologic term.)
Thence to a conscious Thought I grew, of embryonic shape,
Yet vitalized with Potency. (Mark the unlearned gape.)
The next I knew, my infant form was sprawling on a pad
Which in perspiring fingers my originator had.
Of "trees" and "breeze," of "bow'rs" and "flow'rs," two
couplets he essayed,
Then took of drinks a couple from that jug of lemonade.

I felt so queer and wobbly, so uncertain of my feet;
My joints were weak and rickety, my limbs devoid of meat.
But he who called me into life strove hard to make me grow,
And presently I learned to link such words as "flow" and
"blow."
I felt quite proud, but with a mad and most disgusted air
My maker looked me over once, then flung me on a chair!
He wiped his oozing forehead—that high brow for laurels
made—
And lifted to his thirsty lips the jug of lemonade.

The click of ice revived him: with a glad "Eureka" cry
He laughed "Ha! Ha! A 'timely' poem is what I ought to
try."
He scored me in, he scored me out, erased and wrote anew;
Line after line across the page his pencil fairly flew.
He bade me "Ring the Christmas chimes, the gladdest of the
year,"
And "List the sleigh-bells jingle in the frosty atmosphere,"
Just as the mercury toed the mark at ninety-in-the-shade
And gave him a reminder of that jug of lemonade.

The bee buzzed round the clover bloom, the locust in the tree,
But I was carolling "Noël" with quaint archaic glee.
About their sand-built castles played the sun-browned girls and
boys,
While I was loading Santa with their next year's lot of toys.



THE MISTLETOE ON OLYMPUS

VENUS AT LAST CATCHES MINERVA NAPPING

In rippling tide some wave-kissed feet were dancing jigs—
but no,
My business called for men-kissed lips and Yuletide mistletoe.
These placed, again my author laughed, and to his face
conveyed
With satisfied complacency, his jug of lemonade.

Across the blue a snowy cloud went drifting idly by,
And that suggested snow-drifts 'neath a dark December sky.
The dainty scent of mignonette his muse did next incline
To bid me celebrate roast beef, plum pudding, ale and wine.
Thus every sound and spectacle for poet's topic fit
Found fitting, full expression in its furthest opposite.
So here am I, mid seasonable company arrayed,
A by-product of summer and a jug of lemonade.

Frederick Moxon.



Alas! That It Should Come to This

AS Mrs. Banderly prepared to leave her office, she called in her chief clerk and said:

"Nothing you want to see me about before I go?"

"Nothing," replied the chief clerk in some surprise, for it was not usual for Mrs. Banderly to ask this question. Her forceful business mind and her great executive ability seemed to take account of everything, so that she seldom had to rely upon others.

She turned down her desk, put on her hat and coat, lighted her cigarette and taking up her stick strolled out into the business section, preparatory to going home.

But as she went along the strange restlessness that had seized her in the office continued. Instead of going immediately home she determined to walk some distance.

Her prominence in the business world made her the recipient of frequent bows, and once or twice she was asked to "join" someone, but declining politely she made her way into the dry-goods district. Occasionally she stopped in front of some jewelry window, where ornaments for men, in reckless and extravagant profusion, were displayed. The unrest, the strange feeling in her heart, increased instead of disappearing. But at last, with a mighty effort, she dismissed it and proceeded home.

As she entered her house her husband was waiting with all of his old tenderness, and yet if she had but noticed it there was an air of expectancy about him that indicated some hidden current of feeling.

"Has all been well, dear?" asked Mrs. Banderly gently. She was known as a splendid wife, a fine provider, and she rarely went out evenings, excepting, of course, to spend Saturday night at the club.

"Yes, dear. The children are all in bed. Will you step up and kiss them?"

This duty done, they proceeded to dinner, but it was evident to Mrs. Banderly that all was not well. A vague

restlessness pervaded their usually calm home atmosphere. At moments she caught her husband looking at her furtively.

"Nice dinner you have, dear."

"Ah! You think so? Yes, I have had a specially good one to-night."

"Thoughtful of you."

"And have you nothing else to say about it?"

Mrs. Banderly smiled in reply.

"How can I add any more to my respect and admiration for you?" she said, with an air of gentle approval. In reply Mr. Banderly turned his face away, not wishing her to see the unbidden moisture in his eyes.

After dinner they repaired to the drawing-room, where Mrs. Banderly offered her husband her cigarette case, men having just begun to learn to smoke.

There was a long silence, unbroken by either.

But at last Mrs. Banderly could stand it no longer. She determined to break her accustomed rule of never taking the



"WHAT KIND OF A GUY IS HE, ANYWAY?"

"HE'S DE KIND WOT GIVES YER ER FROSTED CHRISTMAS CARD AN' 'SPECTS YER TO REMEMBER IT DE REST OF YER LIFE."



"DON'T SQUEEZE QUITE SO HARD, DEAR. REMEMBER YOUR QUILLS."

initiative when it came to any argument.

"My dear," she said at last, "come over here."

Mr. Banderly dutifully came over and sat in her lap.

"What is the matter?" she asked, smoothing the thin hair of his partly bald head. "I know, of course, that something is the matter. What have I done?"

In reply her husband burst into a passion of tears.

"It is just like a woman," he cried. "Don't you know that I have been waiting all day for you to say something—to refer to it—but this morning not a word, and all day not a word, and I prepared a fine dinner for you and still not a word!"

"A word of what?" asked Mrs. Banderly, still mystified.

"Don't you know," sobbed Mr. Banderly, "that this is the anniversary of our wedding day?"

Epigrams of Cities

ANAPLES by any other name would smell as sweet.

Every Pittsburgh has a silver lining.

Chicago is paved with good intentions.

It's a poor Paris that does not work both ways.

A Philadelphia in time would save nine.

Boston to him who Boston thinks.

Leadville is only skin deep.

It's a long Reno that has no turning.

London is no respecter of persons.

New York City is covered by a multitude of skins.

A Christmas Ballad of Burdens

THE burden of forced giving. 'Tis a bore,
And yet it must be done, as well you know;
You check your Christmas list up, o'er and o'er,
Appalled to see how many gifts you owe.
You must give Grace a costly bibelot,
Because she gave you that lace fan last year;
And only something choice will do for Joe.
These be the things that mar our Christmas cheer.

The burden of false thanking. Oftentimes,
Though bric-à-brac is crowding all your flat,
Madeleine sends a set of Chinese chimes,
Or Percy brings a hideous marble cat.
Gladys presents a tawdry lace cravat,
And you must cry: "Just what I wanted, dear!
How *could* you guess I simply *longed* for that?"
These be the things that mar our Christmas cheer.

The burden of the Family Party. Why
Do relatives expect to come that day?
Aunt Jane observes with cold and hostile eye
The household gods you modestly display.
Though merry chat you tactfully essay,
How ill at ease and awkward they appear,
Until your nerves are reay to give way—
These be the things that mar our Christmas cheer.

The burden of the children. Gracious sakes!
What various mischief Christmas does incite;
They eat too many candies, nuts and cakes,
They're totally upset along toward night.
If you had but your own 'twould be all right,
But little cōusins come from far and near;
And others' children are so impolite—
These be the things that mar our Christmas cheer.

The burden of late shopping. Though we mean
To buy our presents many weeks ahead,
The last few days all of us may be seen
Trudging the shops till we are nearly dead.
We *can't* find just the book we want for Fred,
We can't find Maude a "woodland scene with deer"—
And so we get some horrid trash instead.
These be the things that mar our Christmas cheer.

L'ENVOI

Friends, though you know that all I've said is true,
To the old customs still we must adhere;
All the above-named foolishness we'll do—
These be the things that make our Christmas cheer.

Carolyn Wells.



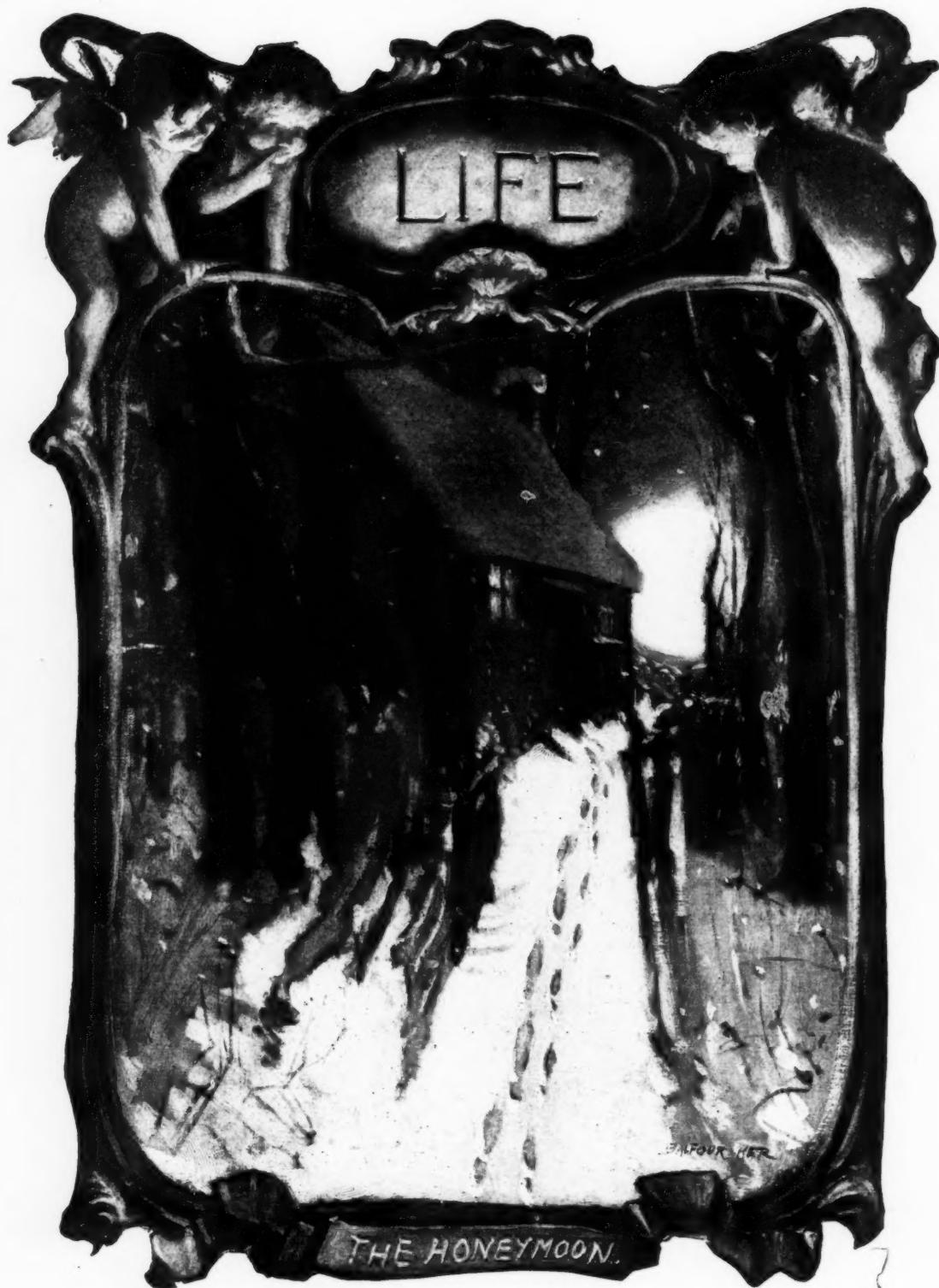
ADVICE TO HOUSEHOLDERS

IF YOUR MAID IS A HEAVY SLEEPER, DON'T FORGET YOUR
LATCHKEY

MRS. ROGERS: I must write Mrs. Randall a note of thanks.
ROGERS: What for?
MRS. ROGERS: For not sending me a Christmas present.

1000

LIFE





SCENES FROM UNHISTORIC BATTLEFIELDS
THE FAMOUS SIEGE OF 1910

When?

WHEN shall a man take off his hat in an elevator when ladies are present? is a proper subject for debate.

What is the difference between an elevator and, say, a fourth floor? In one the hat is carefully removed; on the other, which may be devoted to ladies' lingerie, the hat is proudly placed back.

In New York the line at which hats are taken off by men in elevators seems to be steadily moving uptown. Formerly no hats were taken off in elevators below Fourteenth street; now the line has apparently moved up to Twenty-third.

In business offices hats are rarely removed in elevators; nor are they in the larger department stores; but they are in the special or higher class shops.

The other day a man was seen in front of an automobile, talking to a lady who sat in the back seat. The air was cold and his head was bald; yet he remained for fully five minutes with his hat off. The auto moved away, and he darted into an office building, into an elevator which contained four lady stenographers, and back went his hat on his head.

"WHO'S looney now?" is the prevailing inquiry. We congratulate Challoner. He has made the world laugh.

The Grammar of Girls

A GIRL is a half-educated animal who has learned to conceal her ignorance by certain useless accomplishments. She is a colloquial noun, an objective pronoun, a transitive verb, an osculatory adverb, a qualitative adjective, a doubtful article, an inconstant conjunction, a frequent interjection and sometimes a past perfect participle, and more often a future perfect.

She is conjugated thus:

I flirt.

I marry—wed.

You kiss.

I am kissed.

I will be engaged.

I can, should or would be married.

To be divorced.

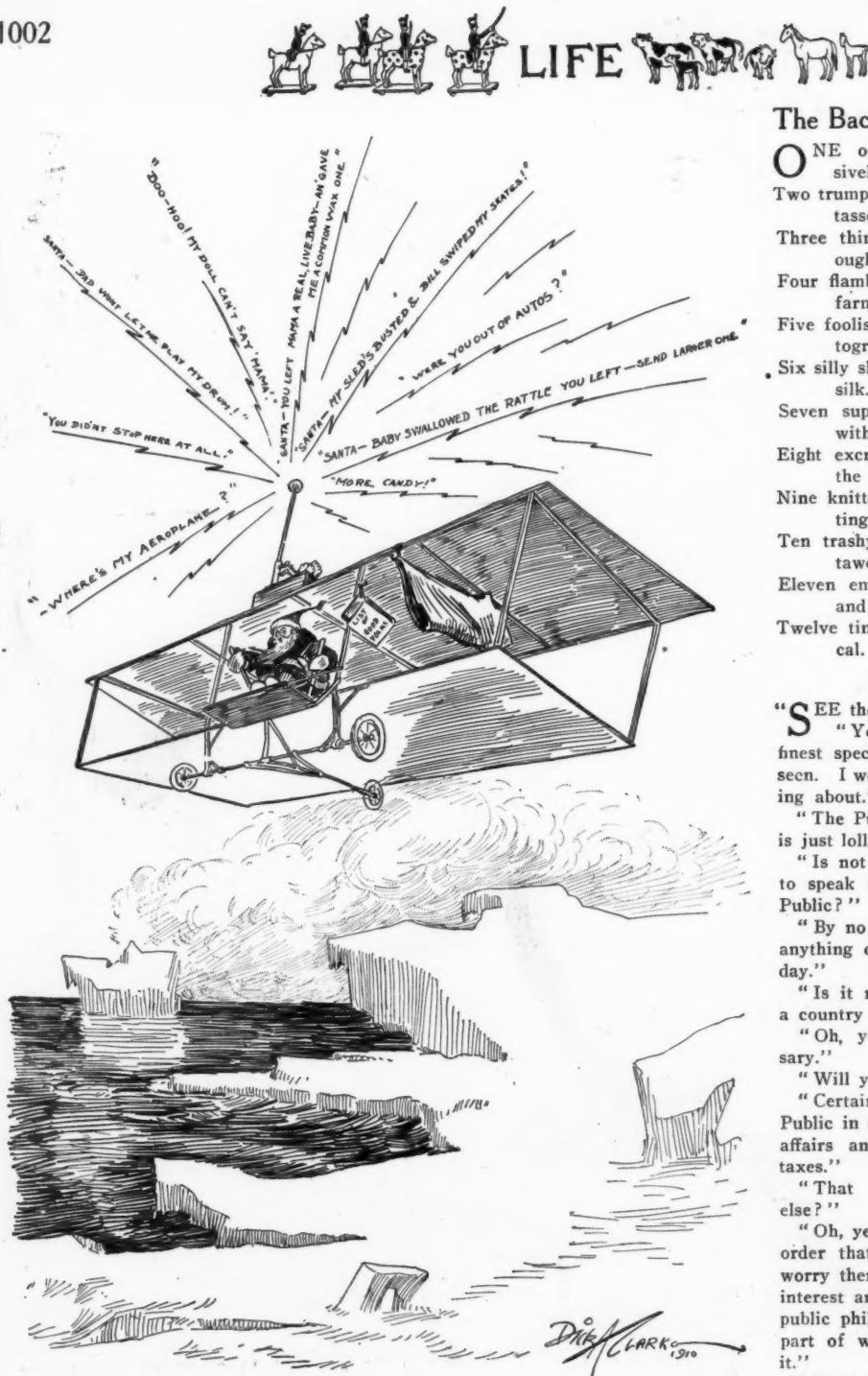
Divorcing.

She belongs to the feminine gender, except as a suffragist, and is in any tense.

She is rarely declined, except when in the past perfect.

FIRST CHILD: Do you believe in a Santa Claus?

SECOND: No; but I believe in my father's earning capacity.



TOO MODERN

Santa (Xmas. A. M., homeward bound): GREAT GUNS!
WHY DID I FOLLOW MY WIFE'S ADVICE AND INSTALL THIS INFERNAL WIRELESS OUTFIT?

The Bachelor's Christmas Spoils

ONE odious onyx ornament obtrusively obnoxious.
Two trumpery tambourines trimmed with tassels.
Three thingumabob thermometers thoroughly theatrical.
Four flamboyant four-in-hands fit for a farmer.
Five foolish fancy-work frames for photographs.
Six silly slipper-cases sewed with scarlet silk.
Seven superfluous shaving-balls scented with sachet.
Eight excruciating etchings executed in the early eighties.
Nine knitted neckties noticeably nauseating.
Ten trashy trinkets terribly trivial and tawdry.
Eleven embroidered eyesores expensive and effeminate.
Twelve tinsel-trimmed traps truly tragical.

C. W.

See the Public!

SEE the Public! "
"Yes, it is perhaps one of the finest specimens of Public I have ever seen. I wonder what the Public is thinking about."

"The Public is not thinking at all. It is just lolling around."

"Is not that rather an inelegant way to speak of such a sacred thing as a Public?"

"By no means. One may say almost anything of a Public. It is done every day."

"Is it necessary to have a Public in a country like this?"

"Oh, yes, indeed; absolutely necessary."

"Will you tell me why?"

"Certainly. It is necessary to have a Public in order that we may have public affairs and public officials and public taxes."

"That seems reasonable. Anything else?"

"Oh, yes. We must have a Public in order that we may have reformers to worry themselves to death in the public interest and in order that we may have public philanthropists to give the Public part of what they have received from it."

"Does the Public take much interest in itself?"

"No. It does not need to take much interest in itself when it has so many private individuals to take an interest in it."



The intended uses for home-made Christmas presents should be always explicitly designated. It is extremely embarrassing to discover that the pair of tobacco pouches you made for Algernon are being worn as ear muffs.



If Uncle Tobias is so unfortunate as to be bald, this neat and serviceable head-protector may be made by cutting a circular piece from an ordinary sheet of sticky flypaper and trimming the edge with Valenciennes lace. Baby ribbons of sufficient length to tie under the ears serve to hold it in place and add to the pretty effect.



MISS HIPP'S DISAGREEABLE EXPERIENCE
"SEND FOR THE EMERGENCY CORPS, QUICK—I'M STUCK."



If Thackeray, *et al.*, Came to Park Row

By FRANK LOVELL NELSON

JUST under the roof seventy-five linotypes clattered like scattering volleys of musketry. Twelve stories and a basement below rumbled and roared the heavy artillery, twenty octuples and eight color presses rioting in four gay inks. Somewhere midway between these two opposing sound waves, the flanks of the army of twentieth century publicity, a sharp staccato of telegraph instruments, the shout of orders, the in and outcoming rush of orderlies, marked the centre, headquarters, the managing editor's office, where the general guided and directed, stormed and swore, hired and fired and intermittently threw spasms with the telephone, while his lieutenants rushed hither and thither with pages of ammunition and added in their own weak, imitative ways to the general madness.

And this was not the general engagement. Merely a skirmish over an afternoon extra. At midnight the madness would be turned into delirium and the spasm would become galvanic in its intensity.

Near enough to the general to be within reach of orders, but far enough away to be out of the brunt of the conflict, was a region of comparative quiet, a sort of neutral ground where the forces took no part in the daily engagement but planned *coup d'état* and laid mines which would be exploded far in the future. The sign on the door read "Sunday Editor" and the officer in command—but that will be about all the metaphor for the present.

The door of the Sunday room opened with an apologetic push and a tall, heavy-set old man stole softly in. He seemed strangely out of place and he stopped hesitatingly and looked at the Sunday editor through a pair of iron-framed spectacles behind which twinkled a pair of quizzical gray eyes. Two little whisks of gray whisker flanked the kindly, humorous face, and stray locks to match escaped from under the antique top hat. A wide opening collar, and a black stock, a fustian coat with long, loose, rolled lapels and big buttons, completed the costume. No—"angels and ministers of grace!"—the trousers had straps.

"Well, what can I do for you?" said the Sunday editor, looking up from the wet proofs of the Christmas Special.

"I—I have a novel I would like to show you," stammered the visitor.

"Don't want it."

"But, sir, you don't understand. You haven't seen it. This novel will make my reputation and that of the publication that first prints it. Future generations will pore over it and it will be pronounced the greatest in the language. My name already is not unknown, but this work will fix it in the annals of literature for all time to come."

The Sunday editor had a few moments. It was December and Christmas was approaching. He had just had a particularly nice luncheon and a cigar with the coffee, to say nothing of a pony of maraschino and cognac. He would humor this caller, who was quite the oddest he had met since his predecessor was fired.

"Have you the manuscript there?"

The visitor handed over the bulky bundle he had been fondly caressing.

"Hum," grunted the Sunday editor. "Vanity Fair. Not a bad title if it isn't an ad for some department store or amusement park. How many words did you say?"

"I haven't counted up, but I should say about 300,000."

"Three hundred thousand! Shades of Dana! Man, do you realize that at the rate we print serials, a hundred and fifty agate lines a day and a double illustrated installment on Sunday, it would take about five years to run this through? But wait a minute. Maybe it can be cut to forty or fifty thousand words."

The visitor winced as if some one had stuck him with a pin.

The Sunday editor laid the sheets face up on his desk and began turning them over face down into another pile. His hand rose and fell with the rhythm of a pendulum. The Sunday editor was reading. An occasional "hump" denoted approval or disapproval according to the tone. The visitor sank into a chair and watched helplessly.

"Where in the name of all that's prosaic does this thing begin? Why didn't you go back to Japhet? Wasn't he one of the ancestors?"

Sometimes the Sunday editor turned over a hundred pages at once, but he neither paused nor lost the thread of the story. Finally he reached the "finis," executed with a dashing scroll and a Hogarthian sketch. Then he looked up.

"In some respects you have a fine story here. The plot isn't half bad, but you've ruined it with your digressions and sermonizings. That sort of thing doesn't go nowadays. What the public wants is an incident in every other line; a villain, a battle, a mystery in every page."

"I see," smiled the visitor; "you like them strong, 'hot with,' and no mistake; no love-making, no observations about society, little dialogue, except where the characters are bullying each other, plenty of fighting and a villain in the cupboard who is to suffer tortures just before finis. Thank you; you've given me material for an essay."

"Now," continued the Sunday editor, impatient at the interruption, "you ought to give this story a more modern setting. Put old man Osborne in Wall Street, residence, say Gramercy Park, aristocratic but not quite the avenue. Have old Sedley go broke bucking Standard Oil. Make Becky Sharp a Bowery girl and Lord Steyne a Pittsburgh millionaire. Have this Rawdon Crawley, young Osborne and this other chap with the horse's name figure as rough riders in the Spanish-American war, and let young Osborne be killed in the charge with Roosevelt up San Juan Hill. Then, if you cut out all the sermons and all reference to the collateral relations—that is, remove the Pitts—it ought to bring it down to about forty thousand words. If you'll fix it up along those lines and consider the honor of having us run it as part payment, I'll try to make room for it, but it will be a year before I get around to it."

"I thank you for your flattering offer, but I fear I cannot meet its conditions," sadly returned the visitor, replacing the roll of manuscript in the crown of his top hat. "I think I shall offer it to the *Cornhill Magazine*, which has already published several essays from my pen."

"Never heard of the magazine. One of the new ten-centers, I suppose"; but the dignified, gray old man had disappeared and the Sunday editor turned again to the proofs of the Special Christmas Edition.

Again the door opened. The Sunday editor looked up wearily.

"Must be a divine healer," he mused.

The caller was a tall spare man of courtly grace. Chestnut curls fell almost to the collar of his blue coat. A high but-

(Continued on page 1025)



SANTA CLAUS A SNOB?

HE GIVES EVERYTHING TO THE RICH



GRANDPA FAVORS A SANE CHRISTMAS

LIFE



"JOHN, GET ME THAT SUIT FOR CHRISTMAS?"
"I WILL, IF YOU THINK YOU COULD GET INTO IT."

Christmas Ghosts

WITH my secret sorrow, alone at last!
The tears from my heart rise
sad, incessant;
And I sit with the ghost of a Christmas
past—
For I haven't the ghost of a Christmas
present. *J. W. T.*

Snapshots

CHILDREN are merely men and
women who have not yet suc-
cumbed to civilization.

A N affinity is a fresh disappointment
in disguise.

A SUFFRAGETTE by any other name
would talk as much.

A FFECTATION is dignity making
an ass of itself.

Great Mystery Solved

"PAPA, what does Santa Claus do be-
tween Christmases?"
"Hides from his creditors."

Vivacious

"M AMMA, the Duke has proposed."
"When did you see him?"
"Oh, I haven't seen him. I just got
a telephone from papa."

Christmas Gifts

IT is with a truly natural sense of delicacy that LIFE intrudes upon the domain of those publications which offer to the public at this time so many valuable suggestions as to Christmas gifts. For this reason, and because any originality in the selection is equivalent to a secession from the spirit of the day, we ask the indulgence of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, *The Housewife*, and the *Boot and Shoe Recorder* for thus trespassing upon the privilege sanctioned by so many years.

For Father..... A pair of embroidered house slippers.
" Mother Warm bath slippers.
" Son Comfortable evening slippers.
" Daughter Soft, easy slippers.
" Uncle Lounging slippers.
" Aunt Bedroom slippers.
" Brother Slippers for afternoon wear.
" Sister Pink slippers for evening wear.
" other Brothers or
" Sisters Other kinds of slippers.
" Grandfather Carpet slippers (Brussels).
" Grandmother Old-fashioned carpet slippers (Wilton).
" Brother-in-law.... Fancy slippers.
" " jail ... Large, restful slippers.
" Stepmother Good, roomy slippers.
" Elevator Boy.... Working slippers.
" Cook Jeweled slippers.
" Ashman The slippers you received last year.
" Dogcatcher " " " " "
" Valet Just slippers.

Harold Everett Porter.

LIFE'S INFALLIBLE FORTUNE TELLER

If you were born on

December



1 Your future wife
will be interested in
the salvation of the
souls of the heathen
and you will live
principally on
warmed-up food.



2 Your future wife
will be incurably
addicted to over-
indulgence in pow-
erful perfumes.

Your only refuge
will be in flight.



3 Your future wife
will have a whine in
her voice, and will
never understand
why you prefer
your newspaper to
her conversation.



1 Your future husband
will be a clergyman
who will often
change pulpits on
account of your ob-
jection to letting
his women parish-
ioners run your
household affairs.



2 Your future husband
will be fond of read-
ing aloud, and you
will become expert
in sleeping sitting
up in your chair.



3 Your future husband
will have a preju-
dice against wearing
darned socks, which
will give you more
time for playing
bridge.

LIFE.

A Table Water that not only delights but benefits

ONE of the greatest pleasures of dining, because of its purity and exhilarating quality

One of the most valuable aids to health because of its alkaline properties and other medicinal virtues

The most delightful of all Lithia Waters

*Use it
on
your
home
table*

Londonderry

The sparkling (effervescent) in the usual three sizes. The still (plain) in half-gallon bottles.

Londonderry Lithia
Spring Water Co.,
Nashua, N. H.



Home-Building

Home-Decorating



MOST UNIQUE OFFER EVER MADE TO HOME-MAKERS

SUBURBAN LIFE is the only complete guide for suburban home-makers. This magazine goes straight to the heart of the home and garden problems which vex the average man or woman who hasn't the time or the patience to study the achievements of multi-millionaires, but who nevertheless wants a comfortable and attractive home, and a garden pleasant to see and to work in.

During 1911, SUBURBAN LIFE will be an absolute necessity for the man who has a home to beautify, a plot of ground to cultivate (large or small), an automobile or a horse to carry him over the country roads, a flock of poultry or pigeons to engage his spare time.

Send Me SUBURBAN LIFE on Approval

Date.....

Good only until January 1st 1911

Name.....

Address.....

(No actual obligation for a yearly subscription.)



Good only until January 1st 1911

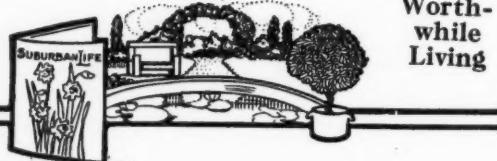
It is surely worth 25 cents to you to try out a helpful magazine like SUBURBAN LIFE, which contains in **any one** number more **usable** information relating to practical home-making and garden-making than you could buy in book form for twice the price of a year's subscription. All about building or remodeling houses, with thousands of suggestions for furnishing or decorating; while everything you need to know about your garden you will find in SUBURBAN LIFE from month to month.

We'll send you SUBURBAN LIFE **on approval** if you will send us 25 cents in stamps or coin, as evidence of your desire to get better results out of your home and garden **at smaller expense**. If, after a thorough trial, the magazine meets with your approval, we propose to give you a full year's subscription **at a reduced price**, provided you use the coupon above **within the time limit**.

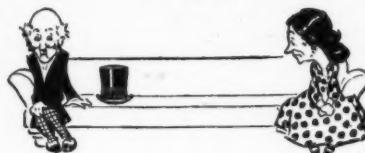
**USE THE COUPON TODAY
IT IS GOOD ONLY UNTIL JANUARY 1, 1911**

Garden-Making

Worth-while Living



Life's Suffragette Contest



\$300 to the Winner

LIFE will pay the sum of Three Hundred Dollars for the best reason, or reasons, why any man should not marry a suffragette.

CONDITIONS:

Each answer must be limited to three hundred words. Manuscripts, however, may be as short as the contestant prefers.

Manuscripts must be typewritten, and should be addressed to

THE CONTEST EDITOR OF LIFE,
17 West 31st Street,
New York.

The contest is now on, and will close on December 31st, 1910. Manuscripts received after that date will not be considered.

LIFE will pay at its regular rates for all manuscripts published.

The prize will be awarded by the Editors of LIFE, and the announcement of the winner will be made as soon after January 1st, 1911, as possible.

It is not necessary to be a regular subscriber to LIFE in order to compete. The contest is open to every one.

Manuscripts will not be returned unless accompanied by stamped and addressed envelope.

Some Reasons Why

(Note: The first instalment of reasons, submitted by contestants, appeared in LIFE of November 17.)

IX

Woman's Suffrage? Nay, Nay!

It is not meet that man should be deprived of all boasting!

When he returns home after a successful ward meeting he should be permitted to stroll pompously in, with mystery in his air and condescension in his manner, and striding to his place before the fire, stand with legs apart in manly ease. It should be his privilege to light his cigar and puff, with uplifted chin and elbow at rest on the mantel. He should be as a spirit who towers on high; as one looking down on the tiny, humble mignonette in the garden of his creation.

After curiosity has been aroused to fever pitch, how generous of him to tell how he reduced the opposition to deflocculated powder! How his giant intellect, and his alone, found the way of salvation! How his winning personality was the only one that could get a cinch on old Gotrocks and so save the ward, the city, the State, and finally, the nation!

How different the return to a suffragette household! How sad the change in bold Chantecler! Quite humbly he sits down to the cold supper spread for him. Quite thankfully he welcomes the chilly silence of his spouse. Heartily he prays for its continuance.

His wife was at the meeting.

Mrs. B. Shirley.

(Continued on page 1014)



Good
Taste

*Knowledge of what is
proper and in good
taste is shown
in a gift of*

Belle Mead Sweets

Chocolates and Bon Bons

They convey to the recipient that delicate compliment which implies discriminative perceptions, for they are not only delicious to the taste but come in boxes that are beautiful in their simplicity.

They are made of the purest ingredients—every possible care being taken to insure their purity and flavor.

Each piece of confection has an exclusiveness that at once suggests perfection in the art of candy making.

Put up in attractive sealed packages—always fresh, as they are made and shipped to the dealer the day we receive his order.

Sold by all the better class of druggists.

BELLE MEAD SWEETS, TRENTON, N. J.



Remarked Improvement

She was shy when she went away
Two months ago precisely.
But kisses now, I have to say,
Real nicely.

She was shy for a city miss;
I look at it astutely
And wonder how she learned to kiss
So cutely.

But she is not inclined to tell,
And I can only ponder.
How do girls learn to kiss so well?
I wonder.

—Washington Herald.

Frank Polygamy

"For to-morrow's official ceremony invitations have been issued to two hundred of the leading residents of the district, who with their wives will number, it is expected, nearly five hundred, which is the full capacity of the hall.

—Exeter Express and Echo.



"GEE, WILLIE! WOULDN'T IT BE GREAT TER HAVE A FACE LIKE DAT AN' A BIG CHRISTMAS DINNER IN FRONT OF YER!"

LIFE is published every Thursday, simultaneously in the United States, Great Britain, Canada and British Possessions. \$5.00 a year in advance. Additional postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.04 a year; to Canada, 52 cents. Single current copies, 10 cents. Back numbers, after three months from date of publication, 25 cents.

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LIFE is for sale by all Newsdealers in Great Britain. The International News Company, Breams

Building, Chancery Lane, London, E. C., England. AGENTS: Brentano's; 37 Ave. de l'Opera, Paris, also at Saarbach's News Exchanges, 16 John St., Adelphi, Strand, W. C., London; 148 Rue du Faubourg, St. Denis, Paris; 1, Via Gustavo Modena, Milan; Mayence, Germany.

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Laudable

BIX: They've elected you an active member.

HICKS: Of what?

BIX: Of the Society for the Merging of Moral Influences.

HICKS: Eh! What's its object?

BIX: Its principal object is to induce the Leaning Tower of Pisa to straighten up. Initiation fee ten cents.

—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Of the Earth, Earthy; of the Nuts, Nutty

Bernard Shaw, although a vegetarian himself, does not fail to see the possibility of humor in the practice. Presiding recently at a meeting he was called upon to introduce Sir Edward Lyon, who confines his diet to nuts.

"And now," said Mr. Shaw, "I present to you Sir Edward Lyon, he of the earth, earthy, and of the nuts, nutty!"

—Ladies' Home Journal.

THERE are many high-salaried teachers in the school of experience.

—Lippincott's.

N°4711

White Rose Glycerine Soap

Soothing - Beneficial

Competition has not touched it

That Means Merit

FERD. MÜLHENS
COLOGNE RH. GERMANY

SEND 15¢ IN STAMPS FOR FULL SIZE SAMPLE CAKE

MÜLHENS & KROPFF
NEW YORK



1810—A CENTURY OF CHOPIN—1910

Had Chopin composed for a modern concert-grand, where *would* inspiration not have led him!

To know the "greater Chopin," to realize how ingenuity may glorify genius, one must hear the Chopin of

The Baldwin Piano

Here are possibilities of tone-color such as only the composer of the "Ballads" could conjure. Immensity of tone, also, a *pianissimo* that is but a whisper, a *forte* overwhelming by contrast, so beautifully shaded are the gradations.

With Baldwin-tone, de Pachmann, authoritative Chopin-Player, reaches heights denied by the limited keyboard of Chopin's day.

Highly-developed qualities endearing the Baldwin to the tone-poets of the piano give it an equally royal place in the regard of cultivated amateurs.

THE BOOK OF THE BALDWIN PIANO will be sent free upon request.

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Your Christmas List

is incomplete
without the
Fussy
Package



\$1.00
a pound;
in halves, one,
two, three and
five pounds.
Sent postpaid
where we
have no agent.

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON, Inc., Philadelphia, U.S.A. Makers of Whitman's Instantaneous Chocolate.

OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



Biblical History Lesson

"What happened to Babylon?" asked the Sunday-school teacher.

"It fell!" cried the pupil.

"And what became of Nineveh?"

Inorac Srettib—Can you spell it right? No household without it. Sample on receipt of 25 cents.

Oct. C. Blache & Co., 78 Broad St., New York Gen'l Distrs.

"It was destroyed."

"And what of Tyre?"

"Punctured!"—Cleveland Leader.

The Reform He Needed

EARNEST BUT PROSY STREET-CORNER ORATOR: I want land reform; I want housing reform; I want educational reform; I want—"

BORED VOICE: Chloroform.

—Manchester Guardian.

Takes Two

The editor wrote: "Dear Madame: The verses entitled 'The Kiss' are very clever. Can you assure me that they are original?"

The authoress answered: "Sir: Not quite. 'The Kiss' was a collaboration."—Cleveland Leader.

A COMPANY is known by the men it keeps.—Wall Street Journal.



THE GOOD NAME OF

HUNTER BALTIMORE RYE

IS WORLD WIDE, ITS REPUTATION UNSURPASSED

Sold at all first-class cafes and by jobbers.

WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

The Story of the Apple

A farmer picked this apple in his orchard in the West
And put it in a barrel with some others of his best;
Because they were so splendid he declared the price must climb
And so he raised his figure on that barrel by a dime.

The man who bought that barrel stuck a label on the top,
Then told the interviewers of a shortage in the crop;
And when he came to sell it to a buyer on the floor
He added on his profit and half a dollar more.

The man who shipped that barrel stuck his label on it, too,
And talked of early freezes and the damage that they do;
The man to whom he shipped it said the grower's price was high
And raised the price two dollars more than in other days gone by.



TECLA PEARLS AND GENUINE DIAMONDS

TECLA

New York 398 Fifth Avenue

PARIS 10 Rue de la Paix

LONDON 7 Old Bond Street

No other Branches or Agents

The man who stored that barrel told of shortage in the pick,
Of scale and other pests that make the apple orchards sick,
And he put on five dollars to the cumulative price—
And so it went, each handler taking out his little slice.

Oh, when you eat this apple, may it fill you with delight
To know that some one profits on each nibble and each bite.
And, Oh, be glad you do not live so very far away

From where the apple started, for think what you'd have to pay!
—Chicago Post.

Would you know a new delight in eating? Then try Educators. Their charm lies in their simplicity. The best of goodness all through.

Educator Water Cracker

"Just hard enough." Educator Entire Wheat, stone-ground in the old-fashioned way. The best cracker on earth to serve with cheese and coffee. A satisfying addition to a light lunch. The prince of water crackers.



Educator Toasterette

Whole Wheat, salted, buttered and toasted. A favorite with soups and salads.



EDUCATOR

Readers of "Life" Enjoy the Good Things of Life

Educator Crackers are One of Them!

Just as enticing in flavor as "Life" is in spirit. Made from stone-ground Entire Wheat Flour (or Cereals), pure spring water and highest quality of ingredients. Real food *plus* a tempting taste. Twenty kinds in all, each a bit of baking genius. *How many have you tried?*

Packed in Tins

Leading grocers sell Educator Crackers. If you can't get the kinds you want, write us with the name of your dealer. Full illustrated catalog to "Life" readers on request.

JOHNSON EDUCATOR FOOD CO.

236 Tremont Street

Boston, Mass.

EDUCATOR CRACKERS

Undeniably nut-like in flavor, tempting in taste. A delight to eat and to serve.

Educator Wafers

The most delicate Entire Wheat Crackers on the market. Thin and crisp, with an irresistible flavor. Fine with water ices.

Great for a nibble 'tween meals or when travelling.



The name EDUCATOR is on every Educator Cracker.



Ask for the brand that has made Cocktail drinking popular. Accept no substitute.

Simply strain through cracked ice, and serve.

Martini (gin base) and Manhattan (whiskey base) are the most popular. At all good dealers.



G. F.
Heublein & Bro.
Sole Prop.
HARTFORD
NEW YORK
LONDON

A BOTTLED
DELIGHT
Club Cocktails

Life's Suffragette Contest

(Continued from page 1008)

X

Why Any Man Should Not Marry a Suffragette

Because a suffragette is way above any mere man and should be encouraged, for the good of the human race, to propagate that superiority and not mere children.

Because no man could count with certainty on court or jail to relieve him even temporarily of his burden.

Because a "lemon," however *pure*, needs diluting and sweetening to become palatable. There would be no such hope in that sour world!

Because a suffragette wife would insist on wearing the trousers and would glory in leaving her victim at home

without one shred of self-respect. A male "boss" is a hard master, but a female "boss" would be—!

Because, lastly and principally, and all in one, a suffragette wife would never let any man take "Life" as he wants to.

Peter E. Traub.

XI

Reason In Rhyme (The Reason Mark;
The Rhyme You'll Sure Forget)
Why For All Time a Fool Alone
Will Wed a Suffragette

A disembodied Spirit I,
And where it is I'm dwelling
Is nobody's business but my own,
And there's credit none in telling.
But I don't mind saying this, my friend;
You fancy Perdition frightful,
But—married get to a Suffragette,
And you'll find Hell quite delightful.

Imagine the erst-proud Chantecler
To a crowing Hen deferring!



Imagine the (k)nightly Thomas-cat
Tabby's bidding meekly purring!

Imagine a Man, to breeches born,
To divided skirts salaaming—

(Concluded on page 1022)

You will want to read

The Greatest Wish in the World by Temple Thurston

“There have been few stories so sweet, so tender, so humanely, sacredly convincing as this simple study of an Irish priest and his Cockney house-keeper, to whom comes the strange, transfiguring bequest of a deserted girl baby.” (Edwin L. Shuman.)

—Chicago Record-Herald.

“There be books, fortunately, that of theme and treatment are so true, so sweet, so tender in their pure humanity as to make one—ay, even one who is not over-rich in sentiment—rejoice that he has eyes to read and heart to feel. And ‘The Greatest Wish in the World’ is one of them.”

—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

MITCHELL KENNERLEY, Publisher, NEW YORK



The Tire Problem Solved.

BY USING MYHTIB RUBBER TIRE PRESERVER

Applied like paint by anyone to outside of Tire Casings. Only one treatment required during life of tires. Makes Rubber impervious to oil, water or air. Reduces friction and heat, adds to resiliency, insures safety in riding.

ADD 50% TO YOUR TIRE MILEAGE

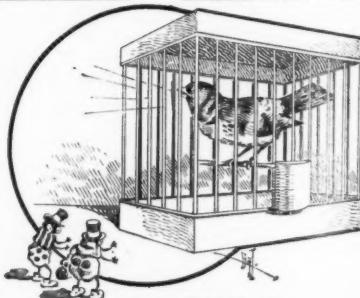
Sold under the following guarantee: "Money refunded to Motorists buying 'Myhtib' of us, applying as directed to any new standard casing, who are not convinced of added mileage and satisfaction."

Tested by leading Motorists for two years. Report of State Chemist and testimonials on application. Order of your dealer. If he cannot supply you, we will deliver, prepaid in the United States, for \$10.00, a complete outfit of brush, sufficient for four large tires or six small ones. Half Cases, \$5.00. Or add \$3.00 to regular price of any new standard casing. Send to us and we will purchase and treat, ship to you by prepaid express to prove our claims.

All tires should be treated when laying up car for the winter, as "Myhtib" prevents decay of rubber.

ORDER TO-DAY. AGENTS WANTED.

MYHTIB RUBBER TIRE PRESERVER CO. Inc., : 341 Asylum Street, Hartford, Conn.



SEEING NEW YORK
Billie Bug: THIS MUST BE THE SINGER
BUILDING



CHANGE OF SENTRY AT AN ATLANTIC COAST FORTRESS

At our forts along the coast, the soldiers use Woodbury's Facial Soap for relief after exposure to raw, biting winds.

On \$15 a month 25 cents a cake for soap

Sentries of the U. S. Army, forced to stand the raw biting coast-winds, use Woodbury's Facial Soap for relief after exposure.

U. S. Battleships carry between 7,000 and 8,000 cakes of Woodbury's a year.

Prepared by the greatest skin specialist known, Woodbury's Facial Soap does more for your skin than anything you can use.

For chapped skin

To relieve roughened, chapped skin, bathe for some time (at least five minutes) twice a day in a plentiful lather of Woodbury's and warm water. Then rinse thoroughly with cold water and apply Woodbury's Facial Cream.

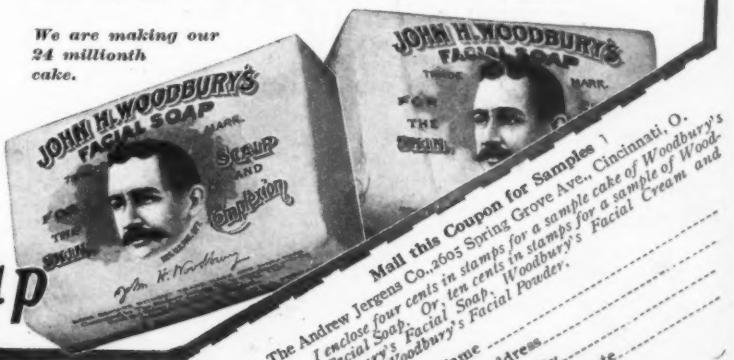
After your skin is soft and smooth again, continue using Woodbury's, rinse in cold water and dry thoroughly. An unvarying observance of this will keep your skin in an active healthy condition in which it *resists* results from exposure.

Woodbury's Facial Soap costs 25c. a cake. No one hesitates at the price after their *first* cake.

Write for a sample cake

For 4 cents we send a sample cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap. For 10 cents, samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Woodbury's Facial Cream and Woodbury's Facial Powder. Write to-day. The Andrew Jergens Co., 2605 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati.

We are making our
24 millionth
cake.



Woodbury's Facial Soap

For sale by dealers everywhere



A New Kind of Gift

has come into vogue for Christmas, birthdays, weddings, and other occasions—in the private reproduction of

Family Portraits in

the COPELY PRINTS. Everyone has a daguerreotype, miniature, or old photograph, or a present-day portrait, of which other members of the family would like to have copies. For the intimacy of family gifts nothing could have greater distinction. Highest quality of reproduction guaranteed. Correspondence invited.

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are also unsurpassed as gifts between friends. Being unobtainable in any other form their value is greatly enhanced, both as gifts and framing for one's home. Gold medal from the French Government. Over 1000 subjects to choose in American Art. Illustrated Catalogue, 320 cuts (practically a handbook of American Art), sent for 25 cents; stamps accepted. This cost deducted from purchase of prints themselves. \$1.00 to \$50.00. At art stores, or sent on approval.

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COOPER'S
U.S. PAT. OFF.
Spring-Needle
Knit
"Gauzrib"

The Daintiest,
Most Exclusive "Spring
Needle" Underwear for
Women Ever Made.

"Gauzrib" is soft, sheer and elastic—stylish, glove-fitting and durable. Laundered perfectly.

The "Gauzrib" Vest here illustrated is finished with three and one-half inches of genuine hand-crocheted lace. We guarantee fabric, finish and workmanship.

Send \$2.00 for sample "Gauzrib" Vest in a pretty Christmas box. If you are not delighted with it—if you don't feel and know there is nothing to compare with it, return it and get your money back. But you will want to keep it, and buy half a dozen more for your friends. "Gauzrib" is an ideal Christmas gift—something every dainty woman appreciates—something which will not be duplicated. Order to-day.

This same vest, identical in fabric and workmanship but with less elaborate trimming, one dollar.

Sample of fabric and illustrated booklet on request.

COOPER MFG. CO.
35 Main St., Bennington, Vt.
Sole manufacturers of "Gauzrib" and makers of the famous Cooper's Spring Needle Underwear for men.

Underberg

The World's Best Bitters

THE ONLY ABSOLUTELY BENEFICIAL STIMULANT

giving permanently good results; the easiest step to health and new vitality. Gives an appetite for every meal, with healthy digestion a certainty. That's Underberg Boonekamp Bitters

A promise and a fulfillment. Takes up the wear and tear, the "fag" and worry, feeds the system with a fresh supply of energy. Gives snap and zest to the moment, and makes tomorrow welcome. See that you get the genuine—substitutes are worthless and infestual. Over 7,000,000 bottles have been imported to the United States.

Enjoyable as a Cocktail and Better for You
At all Leading Hotels, Clubs and Restaurants, or by the bottle at Wine Merchants and Grocers. Ask for UNDERBERG, and be sure it's the genuine. Booklet Free.

Bottled only by H. Underberg, Albrecht, Rheinberg, Germany, since 1846
LUYTIES BROTHERS, Sole Agents
204 William Street, New York

The Best Bitter Liqueur

LIFE'S INFALLIBLE FORTUNE TELLER

If you were born on

December



1 Your future wife will be gushingly affectionate, and you will enjoy her caresses with the heroism of a martyr.



2 Your future wife will throw straight and you will become skillful in dodging plates.



3 Your future wife will smoke cigarettes. You won't object, as it will make her more tolerant of some of your own enjoyments.



4 Your future wife will have a mania for going to Europe and you will become what the newspapers call a well-known man about town.



4 Your future husband will devote himself to gathering rare china, but you will eat from crockery plates.



5 Your future husband will be a musician with a sensitive nature and a passion for beefsteak and fried onions. You won't be popular with your neighbors.



6 Your future husband will be a fine hand at shaking down a furnace, but won't amount to much as a zither player. Be thankful.



7 Your future husband will be a devotee of Bacchus. You will find him exceedingly difficult to live with in his sober moments.

Select the Maker— Then the Car

The Overlands for 1911 come in 22 models—from 20 to 35-horse power—from \$775 to \$1,675. There is no question whatever about pleasing you if this is the make you want.

The point to decide is the maker, and these are the facts to consider.

The Dominant Car

The Overland has quickly become the most successful car ever created. There are 20,000 delighted owners, and the car not yet three years old.

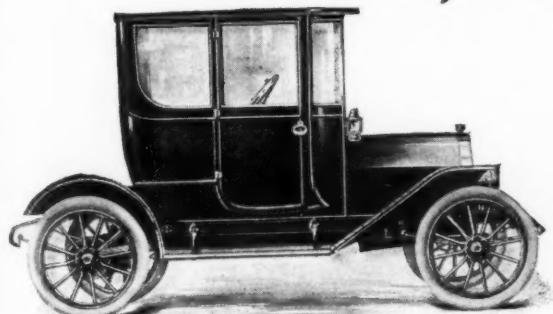
Dealers have already paid their deposits on more than 18,000 of the new-season models.

In our five factories, over \$3,000,000 has been invested in the highest type of modern equipment. This exact, automatic, labor-saving machinery has cut the cost of Overlands 28% in the past two years—an average of \$300 per car. With our enormous production it has placed the Overland where no other car can compete with it.

All this prestige, this demand, this investment is at stake on making Overlands perfect—as good as cars can be. And you may be utterly sure that we do it. Not an Overland chassis could be made any better if we asked you double the price.

Choice of 22 Models

The 1911 Overlands come in 22 up-to-date designs. No cars at any price have any more style or class.



The
Overland
for 1911

Licensed under Selden patent

All prices include gas lamps and magneto

We charge no extra price for fore-door models. On some we offer the option—fore doors or open front.

For \$775 we offer a 4-cylinder, 20-horse power car with a 96-inch wheel base. We are selling a torpedo roadster—20-horse power—as low as \$850.

The 25-horse power Overlands, with 102-inch wheel bases, sell for \$1,000 this year—nine per cent less than last. Five styles of bodies.

The 30-horse power Overlands sell for \$1,250—110-inch wheel base. Torpedo roadsters, open front and fore-door tonneaus.

The 35-horse power Overlands sell for \$1,600 and \$1,675, in numerous attractive designs. The wheel base is 118 inches. All prices include gas lamps and magneto.

An inside drive coupe—the ideal car for winter driving—sells for \$1,250.

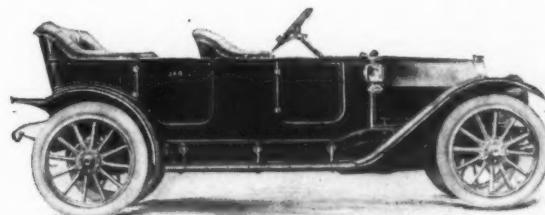
Book of New Designs

Our 1911 Book shows all the designs and gives all specifications. It will enable you to make comparisons with any other make. Sim-

ply send us your address—a postal will do—and the book will be mailed with the name of our nearest agent. Address

**The Willys-
Overland Co.**

Dept. P 31 Toledo, Ohio



These are two of the 22 new Overland models, the prices of which range from \$775 to \$1,675, lamps and magneto included



NEW YORK DISTRIBUTERS FOR
THOMAS CORT
 The High Grade Shoe Maker
 of the World.



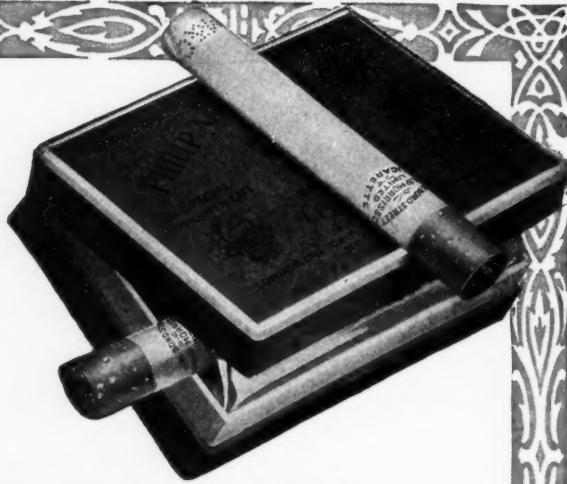
MARTIN & MARTIN

desire to call the attention of the fashionable public to a selection of especially artistic ready-to-wear hand made Opera Shoes and Pumps for Men; also to their exquisite assortment of Evening Slippers for Ladies, including many exclusive Paris Novelties.

A Custom Department of pronounced merit and their own Slipper Shop in connection, assures perfect service in special orders to match gowns.



MARTIN & MARTIN
 1 E. 35th St
 New York



Philip Morris
 ORIGINAL
 LONDON
Cigarettes

Win favor—and hold it. The demand grows more insistent every day.

CAMBRIDGE 25c AMBASSADOR 35c
 in boxes of ten the after-dinner size

In Cork and Plain Tips
 "The Little Brown Box"

Take from your morning's mail some letter written on Old Hampshire Bond and compare it with another letter on whatever stationery it happens to be written. The superiority of

Old Hampshire Bond

will be easily seen. The *reasons for using it instead of an inferior paper*—can't you see them, too?

Let us send you the Old Hampshire Bond Book of Specimens. It contains suggestions for letterheads and other business forms, printed lithographed and engraved on the white and fourteen colors of Old Hampshire Bond.

Write for it on your present letterhead.

Hampshire Paper Co.
 South Hadley Falls, Mass.

The only paper makers in the world making bond paper exclusively.



BUYING HIS WINTER SUIT



Welch's Grape Juice Makes Life Even Better

LIFE like Welch's grape juice is what we make it.

Anybody can take grapes and put up the juice—but they can't put up WELCH'S.

LIFE aims to collect the brightest of the sunshine and the merriest of the thoughts of the world.

WELCH'S is the juice of the pick of the crop of the glorious Concord grapes—which reach their highest point of perfection in the Chataqua belt. We are in the heart of that belt.

* * *

We pay a bonus over the regular daily market price for our *choice* of the *best* of the crop each year.

This year we paid the highest price ever known for Concord grapes—but we got the biggest, juiciest, finest of them all.

There is an individuality, a differentness, to WELCH'S that is fast making it the National Drink.

It cannot be put into words—but you will find it in the glass.

* * *

WIVES—Tell your husbands to get the WELCH Habit. It's a habit that won't *get them*.

Remember: WELCH'S is pure, clean, wholesome and always refreshing. "You pour it from the bottle as you'd squeeze it from the grape."

Your dealer will supply you. Ask for WELCH'S. Be sure, then you won't be sorry.

A Merry Christmas Box of WELCH'S— The National Drink

Nothing more seasonable for sick or well, relatives or friends. If your dealer hasn't it send us \$3.00 and we will ship, express free, to any address east of Omaha, a 12-pint case of WELCH'S.

Welch Grape Juice Co.,

Westfield, N. Y.



Chickering Pianos

The Oldest in America—
The Best in the World

In reliability of construction, in artistic beauty of design, in quality of finish, in evenness of tone and in delicacy and responsiveness of action, Chickering Pianos have always excelled. They were the Pianos of the Past, they are the Pianos of Today, and they will be the Pianos of the Future.

Made Solely by **CHICKERING & SONS**
PIANOFORTE MAKERS
791 TREMONT STREET

Established 1823
BOSTON, MASS.



AN IDEAL CHRISTMAS BOX
A Box of the Genuine
MURRAY & LANMAN'S
Florida Water
"The Universal Perfume"
for the Handkerchief, Toilet or Bath



"AND I SENT HER ONLY A CHRISTMAS CARD!"

Rhymed Reviews

The North Pole

(By Robert E. Peary. Frederick A. Stokes Company)

I knew we'd cop that Polar belt!
My ship was bound to push straight forward
Because I'd named her "*Roosevelt*,"
She bit the icebergs, smashing nor'-ward

To camp, near Markham Inlet; there,
Among the packs that crash and splinter
We dined on musk-ox, deer and bear
And whiled away the sunless winter.

As welcome spring approached, I chose
To man a sledging expedition
The pick of all the Eskimos
Who lived to aid my one ambition;

For I had saved their starving tribe
And nursed their sprains and frozen noses;
In sober truth, I might describe
Myself as quite an Eski-Moses.

We fared across the glacial seas,
Their rugged floes and pressure ridges
And leads of open water—these
We often passed on ice-cake bridges.

Near eighty-eight north latitude
Brave Captain Bartlett, bluff and hearty
(Who earned my fervent gratitude),
Led back my last supporting party.

With five companions, strong of soul,
To share my toil and extra glory,
On April sixth I found the Pole
And hurried back to write my story;

Which makes, I trust, a pleasing book,
But they that yearn for dissertations
Upon the wiles of Doctor Cook
Must wait for other men's narrations.

My medals fill a trunk. My name
Upon her scroll shall Clio's pen mark
That babes unborn may read; my fame
Has even spread to Darkest Denmark.

The Polar wreath alone I wear,
For I'm the Polar Star, my dearie;
In brief, the only Polar bear
Is yours politely, Cap'n Peary.

—Arthur Guiterman.

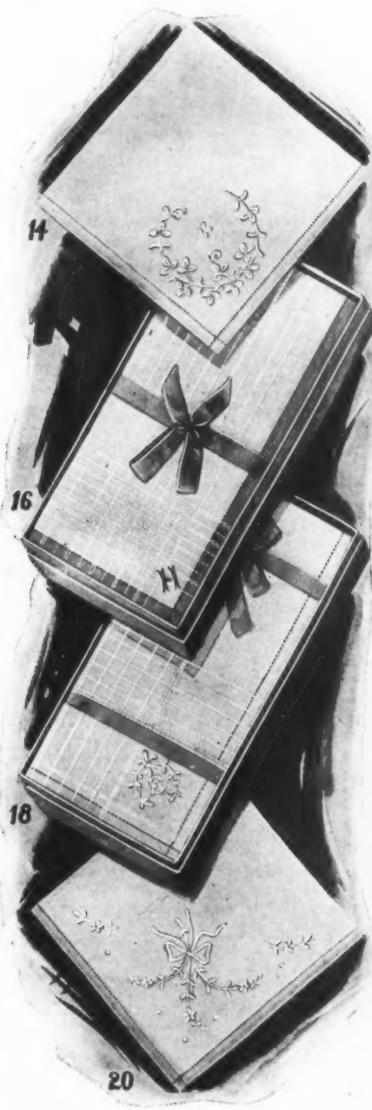
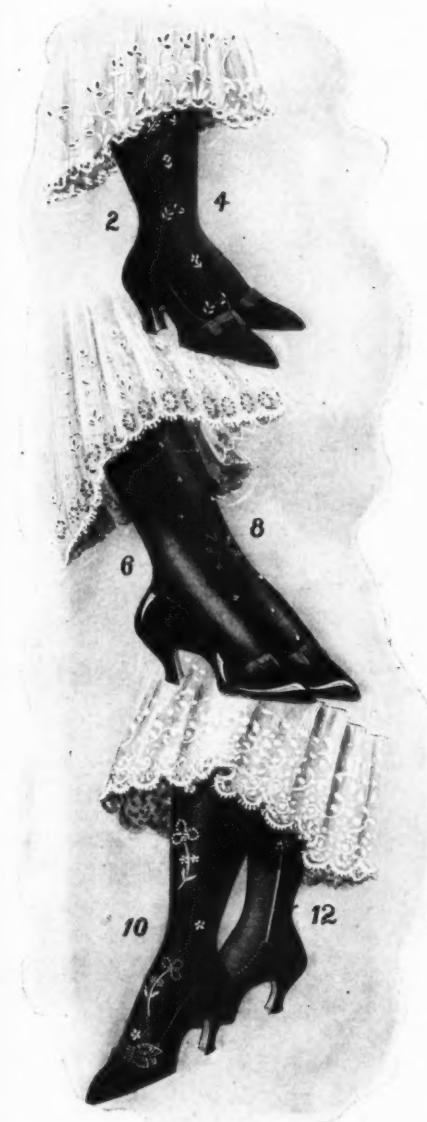
Franklin Simon & Co.

Fifth Ave.—37th and 38th Sts., New York

Useful Holiday Gifts

AT SPECIAL PRICES

Women's and Misses' Hosiery and Handkerchiefs



2. Black lisle, colored hand embroidered instep, assorted designs (3 pairs for \$1.00).....	35c	14. Fine Shamrock lawn, hand embroidered, assorted patterns.. <i>Value, \$1.00. Six for 75c</i>
4. Imported black silk lisle, spliced heels and four-inch garter hem (3 pairs for \$1.00)....	35c	16. Sheer Shamrock Lawn, tape border, $\frac{1}{4}$ inch colored hem, hand embroidered initial to match, assorted colors..... <i>Box of six 1.35</i> <i>Value, \$2.00.</i>
6. Pure thread silk, black, white and colors, cotton soles, cotton or silk tops. <i>Value, \$1.45</i>	95c	18. Sheer Shamrock Lawn, tape border, embroidered design and initial. <i>Box of six. 75c</i> <i>Value, \$1.00.</i>
8. Extra quality black lisle, colored hand embroidered instep, assorted patterns (3 pairs for \$1.35).....	50c	20. Pure linen, hand embroidered, assorted patterns. <i>Value, \$1.75.....Six for 1.45</i>
10. Pure thread black silk, richly hand embroidered in black or colors... <i>Value, \$2.75</i>	1.95	
12. Pure thread black silk, hand embroidered clocks in black or white.... <i>Value, \$2.75</i>	1.95	



Go on the Century—Don't Write

A personal interview is much more satisfactory than letter writing. Therefore, if an important matter requires a trip between New York and Chicago, take the

20th Century Limited

"It saves a business day"

Lv. New York 4.00 p. m.
Lv. Boston 1.30 p. m.
Ar. Chicago 8.55 a. m.

Lv. Chicago 2.30 p. m.
Ar. Boston 11.50 a. m.
Ar. New York 9.25 a. m.

Equipment: Between New York and Chicago there are electric-lighted buffet, library and drawing room and compartment observation cars, standard sleeping and dining cars—barber, maid, valet, manicure, stenographer, stock reports, daily papers and periodicals, and from and to Boston an electric-lighted sleeper, and parlor car with observation smoking room.

Sleeping-Car Accommodations

Railroad and Pullman tickets can be secured at City Ticket Office, 298 Washington St., Boston, 'Phone 2140 Fort Hill; 1216 Broadway, New York, 'Phone 6310 Madison; and 180 Clark St., Chicago, 'Phone 7600 Harrison.



"For the Public Service"

Life's Suffragette Contest

(Concluded from page 1014)

Then you'll know why Death brought
glad release:
Better damned, than always damning!

There was Socrates—but was he wise
When in youth he wooed Xantippe?
And the lad that married the untamed
Shrew,
Who'll dare say he wasn't dippy?
But I damn my luck, and not my wits;
For the maid I led to the altar
Gave nor mark nor sign that she'd
think it fine,
To be leading me with a halter.

Perhaps you can't blame the gentle
Dames
If, needing men to support 'em,
They feign a humanity feminine
When the blamed Fools come to
court 'em.
But—wed an out-an'-out Suffragette?
A truth self-evident this is:
The Thing in Pants that takes that
chance,
Deserves his charming Missus!

Willis MacGerald.

XII

Why

It's a deuce of a difficult problem to get
In less than a volume or two
The reasons to show why the bold
suffragette

Is not the right lady to woo.

In the first place, she's just like a leaky
old boat.

This reason sounds queer, without
doubt;

But unless they are nautical, few hus-
bands dote

On constantly bailing wives out.

Then, again, when a fellow hooks up
to a girl,

He wants to abjure single life;
But how the—how can he, when poli-
tics' whirl,

Is preferred to himself by his wife?

Speculation, however, can't help us a
lot—

Its use is decidedly small.

The real point is not why a fellow
should not,

But why on earth should he at all?

This reduces the question to one of
degree;

For the every-day partner of joys
And of sorrows seems different only,
to me,

By the fact that she *may* make less
noise.

The one single person who has cause
for glee,

Is the parson; because he is paid
In good coin of the realm, a large ele-
gant fee,

And does not, though he does, wed
the maid.

However, to be absolutely exact,

It is simply superfluous buzz

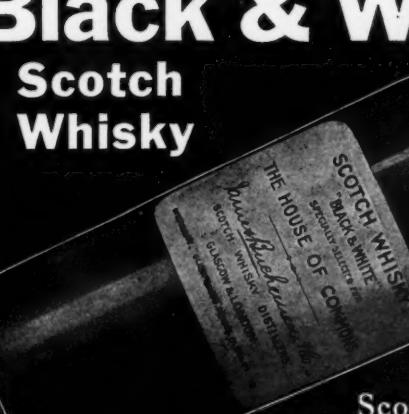
To give reasons against it at all, when
in fact,

We all know that a man never does.

N. Salsbury.

Black & White

Scotch Whisky



American
people know a
good article. It
is an established
reputation that has
made the Black & White
Scotch Whisky the largest
seller of any brand in America.



Woman is the great civilizer. If it were not for her man would revert to whiskers and carry a club.

Woman does much for the Gillette because it is her presence, her influence, that puts the emphasis on good clothes, clean linen, and a clean shave.

She admires the clean, healthy skin of the man who uses a Gillette. She does not approve the ladylike massage-finish of the tonsorial artist. The massaged appearance ceased to be "class" largely because she said so.

There is something fine and wholesome about the Gillette shave. It does not reek of violet water and pomades.

GILLETTE SALES COMPANY, 48 West Second Street, Boston

New York, Times Bldg. Chicago, Stock Exchange Bldg.
Canadian Office, 63 St. Alexander Street, Montreal

Gillette Safety Razor, Ltd., London Eastern Office, Shanghai, China
Factories: Boston, Montreal, Leicester, Berlin, Paris

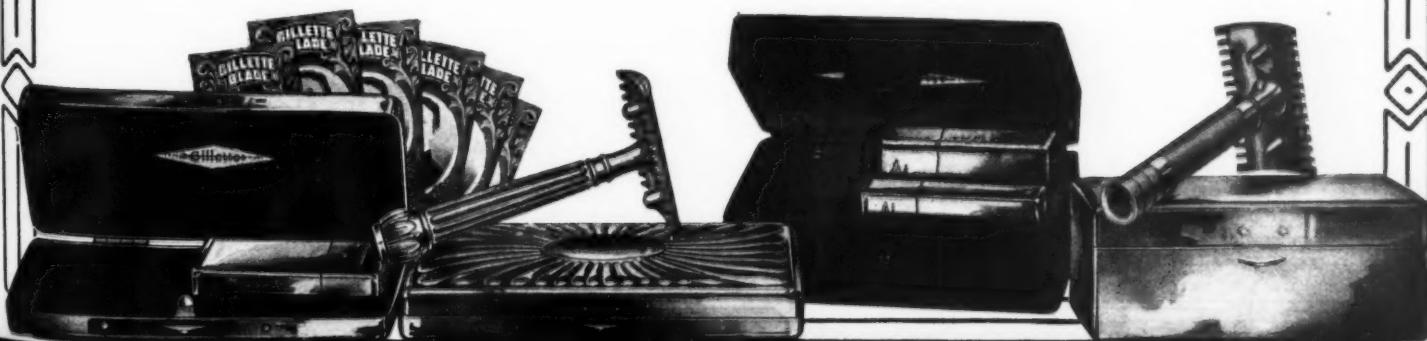
The use of the Gillette has a decidedly good effect on the skin. It gives a healthy look that suggests the outdoor rather than the indoor man.

Then think of the comfort—the convenience—the morning shave in less time than the morning dip.

A million men will buy Gillettes this year. Now is the time to get yours.

Standard Set with twelve double-edge blades, \$5.00. Regular box of 12 blades, \$1.00; carton of 6 blades, 50 cents.

King Gillette



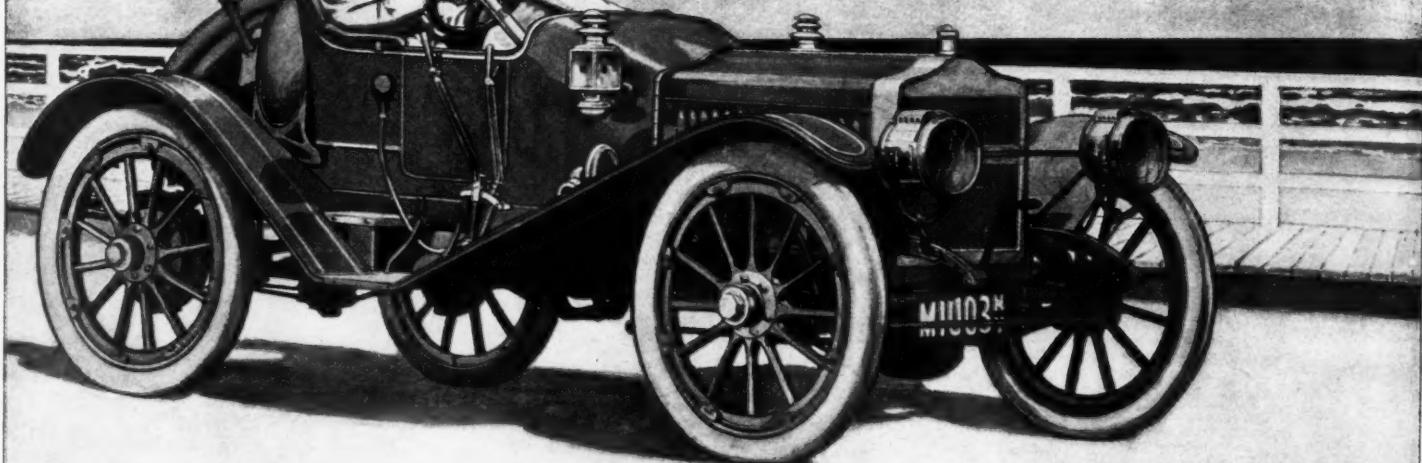
• LIFE •

PERFECTLY SIMPLE - SIMPLY PERFECT

"Maxwell"



Model G A Roadster
4 cylinder, 30 H.P. \$1600



WE ANNOUNCE this newest Maxwell—a product thoroughly worthy of the Maxwell name—a car that has stood the "acid test" of Maxwell quality. It is a practical car—a utility car—*much* more than a pleasure car. You can use it profitably in your business: it is a time-saver. You can draw on it for pleasure: it will always meet the draft. It is a dependable car: it will take you to a place; it will *bring you back*. That is what you want your car to do. It is a comfortable car: roomy and rest-inviting: ideal for touring.

THIS newest Maxwell, therefore, has all the *essentials* to commend it. Of course it has all the points of mechanical superiority well-known in previous Maxwell models. It also has some decidedly new features: *advantages*, you will say, when you see them. *Advantages*, we have *proved* them unmistakably, by the most rigid standard of tests. You ought to see this newest Maxwell. You ought to own one.

If you would know more in detail about Maxwell advantages, just say to us on a postal, "Mail Books."

SALE OF MAXWELLS TO DATE

Sold to Sept. 30, '10	-	-	-	37,389
Sold during Oct., '10	-	-	-	1,767
Maxwells in use today	-	-	-	39,156

WATCH THE FIGURES GROW

**MAXWELL-BRISCOE
MOTOR CO.** WACO STREET
TARRYTOWN, N. Y.

Licensed under Selden Patent

Member A. L. A. M.

MAXWELL FACTORIES

NEWCASTLE	IND.
PROVIDENCE	R. I.
TARRYTOWN	N. Y.
KINGSLAND POINT	N. Y.

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your c
crest, o
Just n
with a
and add
or stron
Your
way dis
cigaret
your do
So he
do in su
ly your
and hea
THE MAN

ORIENT - EUROPE

ORIENTAL TOUR, January 25. Tours to all parts of Europe. Strictly First Class. Illustrated programs free. 32nd year 32 Broadway NEW YORK

If Thackeray, et al, Came to Park Row

(Continued from page 1004)

toned clerical waistcoat opened only wide enough to display the top of a frilled shirt. The editor gave a start when his eyes wandered down and he observed that his caller was clad in knee breeches, silk stockings and pumps with silver buckles. He glanced quickly up to the face, which was smooth shaven and almost feminine in its clean-cut lines, sensitive mouth, aquiline nose and big, limpid brown eyes.

"Well, what is it?" the Sunday editor inquired.

"I have an original poem, sir, I should like to have you read."

"I hope it is more original than that remark," testily exclaimed the Sunday editor. "Well, let's see it."

The caller drew from the cavernous tails of his coat a roll tied with a ribbon and reverently handed it to him who was judge, jury and executioner of such children of men's fancy.

"Another rolled manuscript," thought the Sunday editor. "O, well, this seems to be the day for entertaining cranks."

He unrolled the sheets, rerolled them the other way to make them lie flat and spread them out before him.

"First, what do you call it?" he asked.

Cigarettes of Distinction

Exquisitely Blended and Marked for Your Personal Use by the Makers of

THE ROYAL ALBERT

That Cigarette of Elegant Purity Sold at 20 Cents the Box, by All Dealers Who Cater to the Cultivated.



It is our very special business to make cigarettes to the order of those who appreciate true tobacco of Turkish growing, selected—not only as to the plant—but as to the *part* of the plant which is the freest from nicotine, and where the true tobacco flavor attains its maximum of delicacy and sweetness.

Our price is \$2.00 the hundred for Regular size, and when you order 500 or more, we, without extra charge, mark your cigarettes with your initials, your monogram or crest, or any other device.

TRIAL BOX OF 50 CIGARETTES MARKED WITH YOUR INITIAL \$1

Just mention this ad. and slip it into an envelope along with a dollar bill and a piece of paper bearing your name and address. Also state whether you prefer mild, medium or strong blend, and cork tip or plain.

Your dollar will be returned at once if you are in any way dissatisfied. You need not return any of the cigarettes. Just say you are displeased, and back goes your dollar without any argument.

So here is the way to learn, without risk, what we can do in supplying you with cigarettes that will be distinctive, your very own—and which, free from all adulterants and heavy nicotine, will be as healthful as they are delicious.

A Beautiful Booklet, telling all about our work as Individual Cigarette Makers, sent free to all lovers of the good things of life.

THE MANHATTAN CIGARETTE CO., 130-132 Pearl St., N. Y. CITY.

Christmas Gift

APOLLO

The Player Piano

That

Owns the exclusive right of playing downward on the keys.

Owns the METRONOME Motor—as essential as a teacher's metronome.

Was first to play 88 notes.

Accents the Melody correctly in all compositions.

Plays an accompaniment or any composition in any desired key.

Have you quit puzzling your brain about which is the best player piano? Have you decided to buy one at random, trusting to luck to get the best? Wouldn't you like to settle the question and have the player at home before Christmas? Wouldn't it help you to know why we are able to guarantee that the Apollo is the only player piano in the world that actually has the human touch? Wouldn't it help you to know why we guarantee the Metronome Motor to produce correct tempo? Wouldn't it help you to know why we guarantee the Apollo to be the only player piano in the world that can accent the melody correctly in all compositions? Wouldn't it help you to settle the player piano question if you knew why a house of the financial standing of the Melville Clark Piano Co. could guarantee the above statements in the face of the claims made and advertised by certain of our competitors? Wouldn't we be bankrupt if we couldn't prove things we say? Wouldn't you like to know before you put \$500 or \$1000 into a player piano just what you are going to get for that money? Then send your name and address and get a complete answer in a hurry.

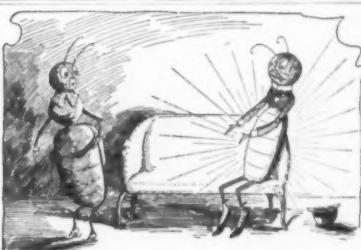
Melville Clark Piano Co.
442 Steinway Building
Chicago, U. S. A.

"There, sir, is the title upon the first sheet, answered the caller.

"An Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard," read the Sunday editor. "That's no title. I might as well head a story by our policeman, 'A Murder Story Written in the Back End of O'Rafferty's Saloon.'"

"Perhaps the perusal of my lines may suggest some more fitting title, in which case I shall gladly be guided by your judgment," meekly replied the caller.

(Continued on page 1027)



"NO, PHILANDER FIREFLY, IT'S NO FUN KEEPIN' COMPANY WITH YOU, UNLESS YOU FIND SOME WAY OF TURNING YOUR LIGHT DOWN."



Locomobile, 2100 lines



Packard, 1680 lines



Pierce Arrow, 1680 lines



Oldsmobile, 1260 lines



Overland, 1260 lines



Rambler, 1260 lines



Chalmers, 420 lines



Columbia, 420 lines



Cunningham, 420 lines



Hudson, 420 lines



White, 1260 lines



Anderson, 420 lines



Speedwell, 105 lines



Kelly Motor Truck Co.
434 lines



Club Car, 210 lines



Waverley Electric
448 lines



Brewster, 210 lines



Rauch & Lang Electric
448 lines



Stevens-Duryea, 224 lines



Marion, 88 lines



Reo, 324 lines



Haynes, 448 lines



Peerless, 63 lines



Thomas Flyer, 840 lines



Correia, 224 lines



Speedwell Dayton, 420 lines



Stevens, 88 lines



McFarlan, 840 lines



Baker Electric, 840 lines



Franklin 840 lines



Hupp Yacht, 420 lines



Maxwell Briscoe, 840 lines

a pro
book
also 7
wond
paid o

FRANK

U

52 Broadw

HOW THEY STAND TO DATE

"Car Coming!"

Contestants in LIFE'S Great
Auto Cup Race Speeding
Onward, Beating All
Records

Life's Automobile Race for a solid gold cup to be presented to the Automobile manufacturer having the greatest number of advertising lines in LIFE from October 1, 1910, to April 1, 1911, is attracting great crowds all over the country.

The purely philanthropic nature of this unique contest, which places it on such a high sporting level, naturally sets it apart from all other contests.

SAVE MAGAZINE MONEY
Order all of your periodicals through **Bennett**.
New Catalogue, containing 3000 CLUB OFFERS,
Free. Send **Bennett** your name and address today.
Bennett's Magazine Agency, 158 Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.

If Thackeray, *et al.*, Came to
Park Row

(Continued from page 1025)

"But I think you will find my lines passable, to say the least. A young military friend of mine, Lieut.-Col. James Wolfe, has praised them highly and it is largely upon his insistence that I have completed them and offer them for publication after a lapse of eight years. But I delay your reading."

The Sunday editor lifted the pages and let them fall at the rate of one every five seconds. In exactly three minutes he had read the one hundred and twenty-eight lines, two verses to the page.

"Pretty fair verse," he said authoritatively, "but too serious. No call for that sort of thing now. If you'd only been around a couple of months ago I'd have jumped at it. It was all to the serious then and the *Whirl* put it over us with a five-verse poem on the latest dead celebrity illustrated up to a page. But the comic or topical is all the candy now. Let's see; couldn't you parody this some way?"

The Sunday editor took a pad of paper and scribbled for a few minutes.

"Now, something like this," and he read:

"The bell at last has clanged the final race,
Scattered the tickets o'er the club-house lea.



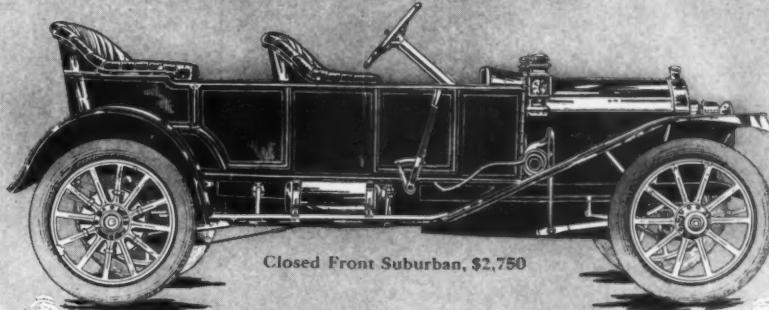
**"Cuba,
A WINTER PARADISE"**

a profusely illustrated 80-page booklet with six complete maps, also 72 views illustrative of this wonderful Island. Sent postpaid on receipt of 4c in stamps.

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148 Miles—	100 Miles— 76½ Minutes
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278.08 Miles— 256½ Min.	200 Miles— 171 1-5 Min.
Elgin-Kane County Trophy	Remy Grand Brassard
169 Miles— 184½ Minutes	100 Miles— 80½ Minutes

And a number of other Long Distance Events



Again the homeward losers' train I
face,
And quit the track in anything but
glee."

The caller gasped, snatched his pre-
cious sheets and fled.

Again the door opened and again the
Sunday editor looked up from the wet
proofs of the Grand Special Christmas
Edition and glanced from head to
foot at the following items of descrip-
tion: A tricorn hat, curly gray locks

gathered into a pig-tail behind, big bowed
glasses, a smoothly shaven, kindly face,
a buff, big buttoned great-coat sur-
mounted by a frill, knee breeches and
buckles.

The newcomer extended a card which
the Sunday editor took and upon which
he read:

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS

ARTIST

PORTRAITS A SPECIALTY

(Concluded on page 1029)

J. & F. MARTELL

Cognac
(Founded 1715)



AND

FINE OLD
LIQUEUR
BRANDIES

GENUINE OLD
BRANDIES MADE
FROM WINE
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The O. K. Mfg. Co., Syracuse, N. Y., U. S. A. NO. 1B

If Thackeray, et al, Came to New York

(Concluded from page 1027)

"Hum. You're looking for a job as an artist?" queried the Sunday editor.

The old gentleman produced a huge ear-trumpet and through it the Sunday editor again shouted the question.

"Why, yes; that is the object of my call. I can refer you to Mr. Garrick, Mr. Burke, Dr. Johnson, Mr. Boswell, Mr. Goldsmith and Mr. Sheridan, all of whom have been my sitters."

"I don't recall any of the names, but there's nothing doing in the portrait line. However, if you'll go to Room 514 and ask for the head of the art department he may give you a job drawing borders."

Sir Joshua did not go out by the door but faded into thin air. The Sunday editor roused up with a start. "Well, well, I've been dozing," he thought. Then he got busy. A touch on one of the rows of buttons at his desk brought bounding into the room a breezy young woman in *trottoir* skirt and common-sense shoes.

"Miss Barefacts, have you got a hot

Every morning when you open your bureau drawer you'll find it hard to decide which Cheney scarf to wear for the day—each scarf so beautiful, it sues for your favor.

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them}** a Columbia

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one for this week?" asked her chief.

"You bet I have, right off the platter," returned the breezy one. "New correspondence gag: 'Girls, Tell Us About Your First Proposal and Win a Five Dollar Prize!'"

"Sounds all right; get busy on it," returned the chief.

The proof-boy stole in and laid a wet proof on the desk. Under glaring headlines a demoniacal crouching figure with the countenance of a fiend was burying

a long knife into the body of his writhing victim.

"YOU ARE A MURDERER!" admiringly read the Sunday editor in one hundred and twenty point caps, and then in more modest type, "Every Man Is at Heart, Says Famous Alienist."

The Sunday editor laid the proof aside with a smile of satisfaction. "Now," he said to the breezy one, "I can close up on the Christmas edition."

A Pot-Pourri of Questions in History, Literature, Geography and Other Things

(Answers to these questions will be printed in the December 8th issue of LIFE)

1. What Scotchman's heart was taken far?
2. Who his faithful friend who took it?
3. Who embraced the Puritan belief, But before he died forsook it?
4. Who, dying, wished he'd served his God, As he had served his King?
5. What saint preached to the birds and beasts?
6. Who first used the wedding-ring?
7. What is the longest river on earth?

Maillard's

The Best Cocoa of them All.

At Leading Dealers.

Sample can free on request.

8. Who wrote the "Psalm of Life"?
9. What planet's nearest to the earth?
10. Who had a scolding wife?
11. Who's called the "Wisest Fool in Christendom"?
12. What statesman gave this name?
13. Who tried to blow up Parliament?
14. From what came Hobson's fame?
15. What king, besieging, fed his foes?
16. Where do cows wear coats?
17. Who sat and thought for forty years?
18. And where have women votes?
19. Where is the famous Chateau d'If?
20. Who cleft an apple with an arrow?



TWO GRAND CRUISES "AROUND THE WORLD"

Arrangements are now being completed for two cruises of about three and one-half months' duration each "Around the World," the first to leave from New York on November 1, 1911, and the second from San Francisco on February 17, 1912, by the large, new transatlantic steamship **Cleveland** (17,000 tons). \$650. Including all necessary expenses aboard and ashore. Duration 110 Days.

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21. Who walked across a continent?
22. Who invented the wheelbarrow?
23. Where did Richard Coeur de Lion die?
24. In what sea do no fish live?
25. What is the highest tower on earth?
26. To whom does Greenland allegiance give?
27. Who held the Pass of Roncevalles?
28. Who ranged the good Greenwood?
29. Where on earth is the "Land of the Sky"?
30. Where's the Palace of Holyrood?
31. What king most honored minstrelsy?
32. Who was his famous daughter?
33. In what New England town were witches burned?
34. Who sang of Afton water?
35. Where are England's great crown jewels kept?
36. What called the men who guard them?
37. What Islanders first played bridge whist?

(Concluded on page 1031)

With Life's Compliments

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"DEAR" OR "DEAREST"?
(Original in Colors)

Upon receipt of your subscription at this office for one year, we will be pleased to send you, with our compliments, as LIFE'S souvenir to its readers, a special reproduction, in full color, of Mr. C. Coles Phillips's picture, "DEAR" or "DEAREST?" 8 x 10 inches in size, on heavy deckled edged buff plate paper 13 x 16 inches.

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Write for "Other People's Opinions" and Table of Contents.

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A Pot-Pourri of Questions in History, Literature, Geography and Other Things

(Concluded from page 1030)

38. What flower's home is Haarlem?
39. Who charged at windmills lance in hand?
40. Who flew a famous kite?
41. What English sage drank quarts of tea?
42. Where is the Eddystone Light?
43. What Creole maid climbed to a throne?
44. Who was first "Prince of Wales"?
45. What gallant sacrificed his cloak?
46. And where do cats scorn tails?

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is obtainable thro' a few refreshing treatments of

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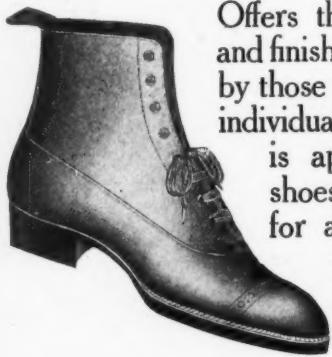
47. Who, while alive, his funeral held, To please his morbid whim?
48. Who sought and found the Holy Grail?
49. What's the German national hymn?
50. What artist dropped his brush one day?
51. What king to him returned it?
52. Who, when a crown was offered him, Three times, in public, spurned it?

M. C. S.



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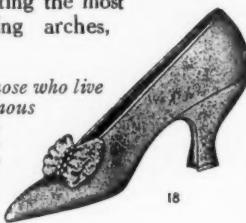


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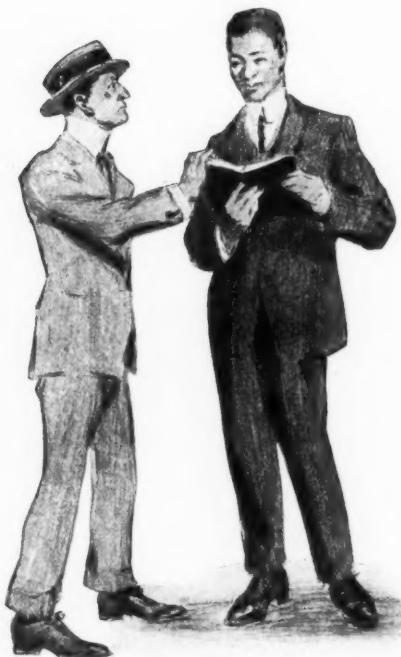
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Criminals do not die by the hands of the law. They die by the hands of other men.

Assassination on the scaffold is the worst form of assassination, because there it is invested with the approval of society.

It is the deed that teaches, not the name we give it. Murder and capital punishment are not opposites that cancel one another, but similars that breed their kind.

When a man wants to murder a tiger he calls it sport; when the tiger wants to murder him he calls it ferocity. The distinction between Crime and Justice is no greater.

It is not necessary to replace a guil-

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An interesting little book describes it fully and will be sent free to those writing for our new catalogue.

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lotined criminal; it is necessary to replace a guillotined social system.

There are no perfectly honorable men; but every true man has one main point of honor and a few minor ones.

You cannot believe in honor until you have achieved it. Better keep yourself clean and bright; you are the window through which you must see the world.

Property, said Proudhon, is theft. This is the only perfect truism that has been uttered on the subject.

When domestic servants are treated as human beings it is not worth while to keep them.—*Chicago Daily Socialist*.

What Was the Matter with Moses?

Percy: Miss Jane, did Moses have the same after-dinner complaint my papa's got?

Miss Jane: Gracious me, Percy! What ever do you mean, my dear?

Percy: Well, it says here the Lord gave Moses two tablets.—*Lippincott's*.

Eve & Adam Number of LIFE

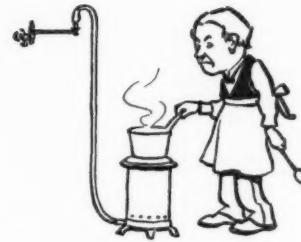
Comes next, dated December 8

Immediately after this one



It was originally named the Adam and Eve Number, but as we are always reliable and stick to our facts, we have changed it to the Eve and Adam Number.

In this number the fall of man is dealt with as it ought to be. The scene opens in the Garden of Eden. Eve, arrayed in a hobble fig leaf, is busy reading the program of LIFE for the coming year. Adam wanders in, having just become a regular subscriber. Both are joyful over the discovery that, although there is much trouble ahead of them, the prospect of becoming regular readers of LIFE will help them to bear the pains of existence.



Confidential Guide to Some of Life's Weekly Features

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The Great Suffragette Contest. The winner of this contest will receive One Dollar a Word for the best reasons why a man should not marry a suffragette.

Husbands' Correspondence Bureau. The wonderful work of this Bureau in the rejuvenation of decrepit husbands has attracted world-wide applause. New features for the coming year will include a movement in which every human being has an absorbing interest.



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Obey That Impulse.



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POOLEY COMPANY

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NEW YORK

Conversation

 HERE is an ever-recurring plaint that conversation is a lost art. Conversation is not an art; it is a habit. The talking habit is a substitute for the thinking habit. That the two cannot exist side by side is best exemplified by the average politician. The same thing may be observed by listening to preachers.

Talking as a habit has not gone out entirely. Many young girls are still taught to begin chattering as soon as they join a crowd and to keep on chattering as long as their breath holds out. Many young men are still encouraged to be brilliant conversationists, which means that they are to say

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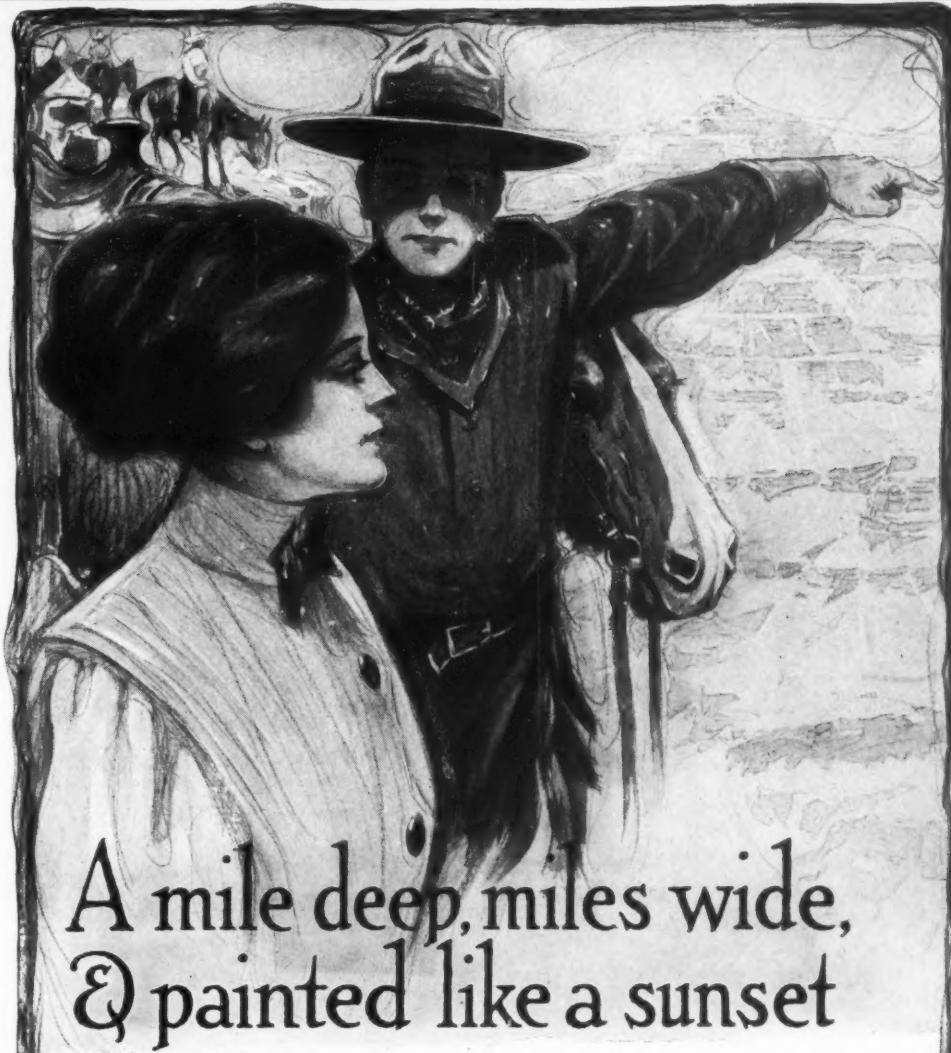
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Leading Violin Collectors of America
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& painted like a sunset

That's the Grand Canyon
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nothing glibly to people who not only are not interested but who are trying to do the same thing themselves.

People who have ideas worth expressing do not have enough of them to vie with the chatters. Furthermore, it is hard for them to find people who can or will grasp ideas. Finally, the fewer words used to express an idea the better. Ideas are the greatest known foe to conversation.

If, therefore, the so-called art of conversation is obsolescent, there is no need for worry. To say that, when people get together they should begin to gabble and jabber just for the sake of gabbling and jabbering, is no more sensible than to say that they should all take easels and palettes or pianos and madly set to painting or playing, which are merely other forms of expression.



Egyptian Deities

"The Utmost in Cigarettes"

Before the feast,
after the feast,
always . . .
Cork Tips or Plain

Words from a Bacillus

By Dr. S. J. Maher in the *Medical Record*:

"You claim to know me. You call me the tubercle bacillus. But whether my relations in the cow and the bird are allies of mine or not you do not know. You frighten into a panic all the friends of my victims by saying that they are a danger to everybody near them, but you fail to explain the immunity of most husbands and wives of consumptives, and of the attendants and physicians at your special hospitals.

"You spend energy and money, making criminals of all who spit in the streets, but many of your leaders say that it is impossible for me to enter the body through the air passages. You claim that your recent organized attack on me has reduced the number of my victims; but all your statistics show that my appetite for victims was

decreasing at just the same ratio for fifty years before your hysterical sanatorium era. You say you know all about me now—that I am easily recognized. Well, do I have a prebacillary stage, as some of your skirmishers claim, or am I always an acid-fast bacillus? Know all about me! Then where do I come from? Was I made the tubercle bacillus in the beginning,

(Concluded on page 1037)



NAUTICAL PHRASE: CLOSE HAULED ON THE WIND.

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By Way of Introduction to the

Outlook

Weekly Newspaper and Illustrated Monthly Magazine in One

LYMAN ABBOTT, Editor

HAMILTON W. MABIE, Associate Editor

NO other periodical has ever held exactly the position in the life of the Nation which The Outlook now occupies, and no other journal gives in the same efficient way the service which The Outlook renders to busy men and women who wish to keep accurately informed concerning the world's doings. As a Weekly Newspaper, The Outlook presents in paragraphs and editorial articles a concise record and interpretation of current history and current problems. Its contributed articles discuss those problems and that history in terms of human experience. As a Monthly Magazine, The Outlook presents in the fourth issue of each month a large and varied group of illustrated articles, each tested by standards of literary workmanship and each having a vital editorial reason for its selection. Those who read The Outlook regularly soon become its enthusiastic friends. Ask them what it is that makes The Outlook different from anything else, and why it is that The Outlook is so often quoted in politics, in business, and in the home.

Theodore Roosevelt

is actively associated with The Outlook as a member of its editorial staff, and those who wish to know what he really has to say on matters that concern the Nation's welfare will find his views fully expressed in The Outlook over his own signature. His writings on current topics do not appear in any other newspaper or magazine. Under the title "American Workers in Town and Country" Mr. Roosevelt will contribute three or four articles early in 1911 dealing with the social and industrial problems of the miner and farmer. The articles are based on his visits to the Pennsylvania coal mines and to the abandoned farms of New York.

"The New Nationalism" is the title of an attractive volume containing the important addresses of Theodore Roosevelt's recent Western Tour, carefully revised by the author, with a descriptive introduction by Ernest Hamlin Abbott, who accompanied the party. It includes all the speeches that have aroused such insistent discussion throughout the land—the Osawatomie speech, the Denver address on the Supreme Court, the Columbus address on Oppression and Mob Violence, the Chicago speech on Public Honesty, and the speech on Conservation. This is a book of lasting value and National importance.

The price of The Outlook is Three Dollars a Year. In order to introduce it to new readers we offer to present to any one not now a subscriber who sends Three Dollars and mentions this advertisement, a prepaid copy of "The New Nationalism," besides sending The Outlook until the first of January, 1912. Send your order promptly, addressing

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Word from a Bacillus

(Concluded from page 1036)

and have I been the tubercle bacillus ever since? Or am I a pathogenic form of bacterial life developed from a non-pathogenic form by the influence of environment? And does this evolution take place now every day, or did it occur only once some ages ago?

"And your vaunted fresh-air cure that was to be my destruction! Most of the patients who were inmates of the best sanatoria five years ago are already dead, and most of those who are suffering the misery of sleeping in the open air this past winter will be mine five years from now. A few you have saved, but how few! In your desperation, even in your sanatoria you have fallen back on the use of the discredited tuberculin that gave me such a series of victories twenty years ago. And those that you save, you don't know what saves them. "The fresh air," you say. But what does the fresh air do? Does it injure me? I grow better in the air than without air.

"You don't know me. You don't know my resources. You don't know

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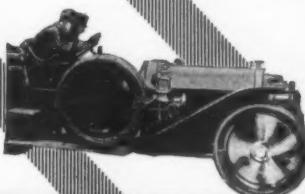
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my places of retreat. You don't know my allies. You don't know how to explain the few successes that you have had. How, then, can you expect to defeat me by your campaign of educating the people? Educators must know. You don't know. At least, most of what you know about me is not so.

"What doth it profit a man to have beautiful sanatoria if the tuberculous die in the old way and at the old rate?

What doth it profit him to have the death records show fewer deaths from tuberculosis if the stringency of the laws makes doctors report their dead consumptives as victims of bronchitis or pneumonia?

"Bah! Your crusade against me is vain. It was conceived in pious ignorance and has been carried on with the methods of a Chinese army—with much noise and many banners, but no guns."



A FEW OF THE NOTABLE FEATURES OF
HARPER'S MAGAZINE FOR 1911

A MAGAZINE that can hold the first place among all the magazines of the world for more than sixty years, and hold it to-day more firmly and securely than ever before, is an institution worthy of every one's consideration. Only one magazine in the world answers this description—HARPER'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE—established in 1850, and to-day more successful, both in quality and circulation, than ever before in its history. It is a record to be proud of, and only the approval of our readers which has made this continuous growth possible.

Quality and interestingness are the characteristics which have given HARPER'S MAGAZINE so strong a hold on the affections of its readers. It is not possible for a great magazine like HARPER'S to present in advance any complete list of its notable features for the new year. But a few important things already scheduled for publication may properly be mentioned.

Margaret Deland's Great New Novel

A remarkable new novel by Margaret Deland has just begun in HARPER'S MAGAZINE. It is called "The Iron Woman." It is perhaps the most powerful work of fiction produced by any American writer for many years. Splendidly illustrated by F. Walter Taylor.

He Talked With Napoleon

There has just been discovered in England a manuscript of astonishing historical importance—a verbal report of an interview with Napoleon on Elba. This manuscript has remained unpublished in the hands of an English family, and will shortly be published in HARPER'S MAGAZINE. No such remarkable human document has appeared in years.

The Last Thing that Mark Twain Wrote

The last thing that Mark Twain wrote—a strangely touching and beautiful tribute to his daughter Jean will be published in HARPER'S MAGAZINE. It was written as the final chapter in his autobiography, and was completed only a short time before his death. The MAGAZINE will also have the privilege of publishing a number of stories by Mr. Clemens—some of them marvellously fantastic creations of his inimitable fancy.

An Unexplored Corner of the World

There remain to-day only a few corners of the world which have withstood the daring of adventurous spirits and remain *terra incognita* to the civilized world. The most interesting of these is the Arabian Desert. It is peopled with warlike tribes, who have steadily resisted all attempts of foreigners to penetrate this region of mystery. G. W. Bury, the well-known English traveller and writer, is making the venture alone for HARPER'S, and, like Sir Richard Burton, disguised as a native. The true story of his adventures will be more fascinating than any romance.

A Royal Explorer in Indo-China

The Duc de Montpensier is a nobleman who has already made for himself a reputation as a traveller and a mighty hunter. He has just started on a journey by automobile across the wilds of Indo-China. The Duke himself will write the story of his adventures and discoveries. Other great travellers will write of their adventures in other equally interesting and little-known corners of the world.

The Work of Making Men

Norman Duncan, whose article on Doctor Grenfell in HARPER'S MAGAZINE first attracted attention to his magnificent work, has discovered other men who are doing an equally important work for their fellow men in other fields. The first of these articles will appear soon.

Short Stories

HARPER'S MAGAZINE publishes more and better short stories than any other illustrated magazine in the world. There will be at least seven complete short stories in every number. Practically every writer of the highest standing in America and England will be represented, and there will be many stories by new writers.

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What Others Say of HARPER'S MAGAZINE:

The Boston Transcript:

"Too much cannot be said of HARPER'S MAGAZINE. It is difficult to speak of it in enthusiastic terms without passing the bounds of self-restraint. The reader who holds it in his hand for the first time, however, will realize the difficulty of doing the MAGAZINE justice. The fiction varies greatly in scene and motive, but is unvaried in excellence."

Editorial in Baltimore Star:

"In the midst of the motley monthlies it is a true delight to turn to a publication of such sterling worth, ripe interest and mental tonic as HARPER'S. It is generally the best of the magazines. All of the HARPER publications can be unreservedly recommended as safe, sane and desirable reading for the home and family."

Sage in the Cleveland Leader writes:

"HARPER'S is edited with an intelligence that seeks goods that wear, just as a prudent housewife picks a black silk gown; it lasts and lasts and lasts—and always with instruction and entertainment. I'm sorry for the lads and lassies that haven't had the influence of a good magazine in their lives, and I'm sorriest for those that have never known HARPER'S. It isn't a fiction magazine alone. It stands firmly on the basic idea of soundness. It keeps in touch with science in all its branches and deals with it authoritatively, but in terms of common understanding. When a big new idea comes up, I'm sure to get the best explanation of it from the pages of my old friend."

A Professor in the University of Chicago writes:

"You may be interested to learn that at a dinner last week where I was the conversation turned upon the magazines, and one of the gentlemen, whom I have long admired for the breadth of his intelligence and keen literary appreciation, remarked he thought HARPER'S MAGAZINE within the last year had become the most stimulating and interesting magazine in America. I confess to the same opinion."

The Philadelphia Public Ledger:

"The influence which the HARPER PERIODICALS have exercised in every channel of improving thought and achievement can be scarcely measured; they have flowed continuously on, over vast areas, among millions of people, learned and unlearned, upon all of whom it has acted as an elevating, refining force. In many American homes these periodicals are the only library."

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The Latest Books

A Daughter of the Revolution, by Jessie Anderson Chase. (Richard G. Badger, Boston.)

The Road to Providence, by Maria Thompson Daviess. (Bobbs Merrill Company, Indianapolis, Ind. \$1.50.)

Princess Sayrane, by Edith O. Harrison. (A. C. McClurg Company, Chicago, Ill. \$1.35.)

The Price of the Prairie, by Margaret Hill McCarter. (A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, Ill. \$1.35.)

The Song of the Stone Wall, by Helen Keller. (Century Company, \$1.20.)

Adventures of Tom Sawyer, by Mark Twain. (Harper & Bros. \$2.00.)

Sammie and Susie Littletail, by Howard R. Garis. (R. F. Fenno & Co.)

The Sword in the Mountains, by Alice MacGowan. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

The Hollow Tree Snowed-In Book, by Albert Bigelow Paine. (Harper & Bros. \$1.50.)

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An Old, Old Story Book, by Eva March Tappan. (Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston, Mass. \$1.50.)

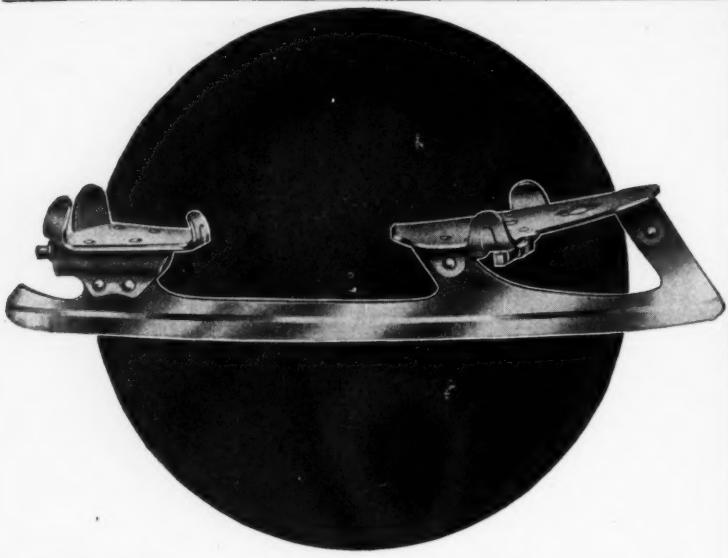
The Battle of the Wilderness, by Morris Schaff. (Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. \$2.00.)

Flighty Arethusa, by David Skaats Foster. (J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia, Pa.)

The Destiny of Desire, by Ruby Archer Doud. (Parsifal Press, Los Angeles, Cal. 15 cents.)



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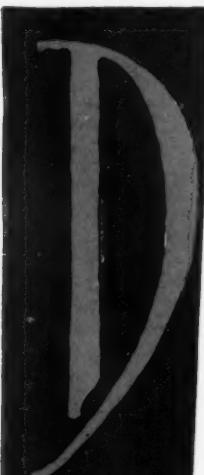
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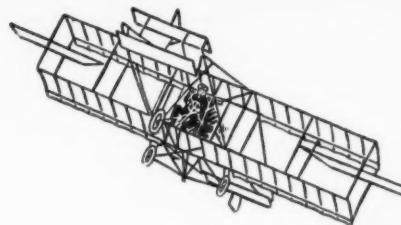
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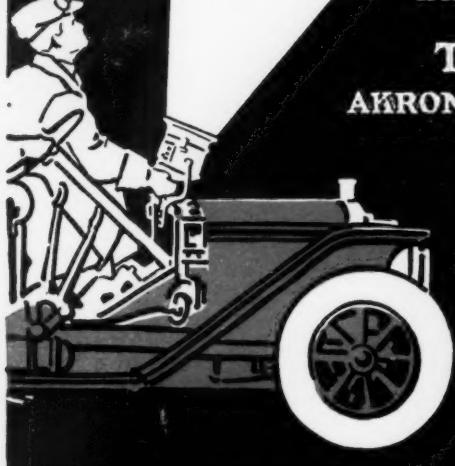
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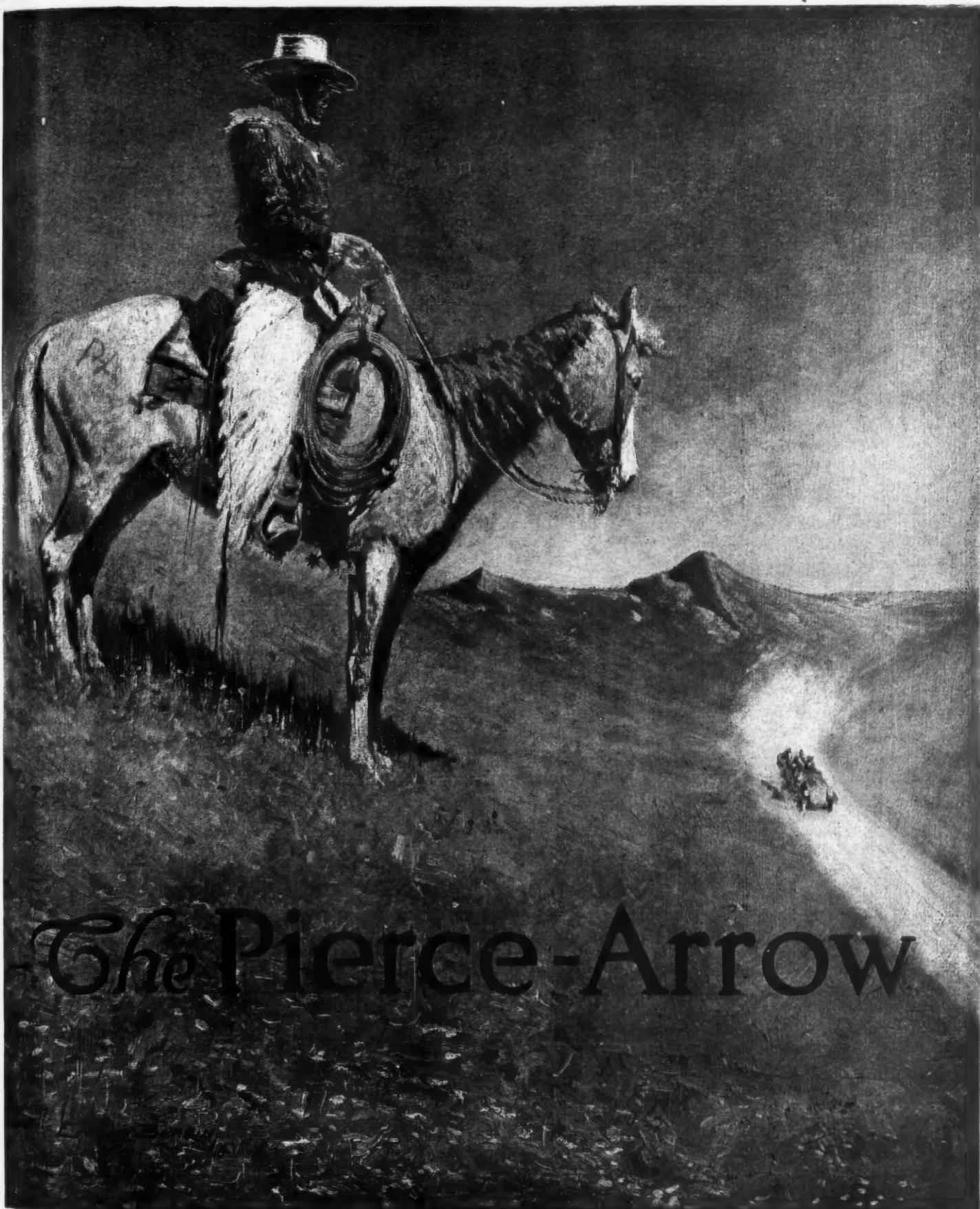
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